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FLAX-BREAKER

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CANADIAN FOLK-LIFE AND FOLK-LORE

BY

WILLIAM PARKER GREENOUGH
"G. DE MONTAUBAN"
Author of "The Cruise of a Woman Hater,"
etc., etc.

WITH ILLUSTRATIONS BY WALTER C. GREENOUGH

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WILLIAM PARKER GREENOUGH

TO

SIR H. G. JOLY DE LOTBINIÈRE,

ONE OF THE TRUEST OF CANADIANS,

I DEDICATE THIS BOOK.

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INTRODUCTION

INTRODUCTION.

WITHIN the last few years travellers, and especially American travellers, have felt that their tours on this continent were incomplete unless they included a visit to the venerable, historic, and picturesque city of Quebec. In antiquity it has few equals in the New World, in picturesqueness and beauty of situation it is unequalled, and in historic interest it has no rival.

Quebec indeed well repays the visitor, whether he be the vacation tourist or the leisurely student of times and manners. For the one a day or a week may be well spent in simple sight-seeing, and for the other a month or a year may be made to yield new pleasures every day.

Most of the visitors to Quebec, however, come in summer, and the winter aspects and charms of the city were until recently but little known and little appreciated.

The winter carnivals of 1894 and 1896 brought to the city a goodly number of strangers, not one of whom left it without carrying away delightful recollections of striking scenes and unexpected pleasures. The carnivals were general festivals in which every one had a share. The lookers-on were as interesting as the snowshoers or the ice fortress. Universal hilarity prevailed, such as one would expect to find only in climates considered more favorable to out-of-door diversions.

English and American visitors, accustomed to take their pleasures soberly, could hardly understand how a whole city could be so completely *en fête* as was Quebec at these times. They, however, quickly fell into the spirit of the occasion, and each gladly contributed his share to the pleasures of the rest. Many then realized how an old *habitué* of Quebec would love it as well in winter as in summer.

But in neither summer nor winter would the visitor see much of the country people, the *habitants*. He might see a few on the markets or elsewhere and be interested in some of their peculiarities, but of their home life, a life differing at so many points from his own, he would learn nothing.

The *habitant* is simply the farmer. The name was given to those early settlers who remained to *inhabit* the country, to distinguish them from officials, traders, and others who were not expected to reside in it permanently.

For many years business relations have brought me much into contact with the *habitants*, and for some years past have induced me to live almost constantly among them. My friends and acquaintances, finding so many interesting points about the people, asked me many questions about them. As I had at some seasons of the year a good deal of leisure it occurred to me to write out my replies to these questions, and perhaps answer others not yet asked and give some information not yet called for.

Naturally, the matter grew under my hand, and I found after some time that my manuscript had increased

PRESCOTT GATE (INSIDE)

to rather a formidable pile, all the more so that since my readers were expected to be only persons with whom I was acquainted I had not taken pains to eliminate the personal element. After the manuscript had passed from hand to hand until it was worn almost to fragments, and after many people had said, "I wish you would get this printed and send me a copy," it was decided to put the matter into type and reproduce in other forms some of the photographs and sketches that accompanied it.

What I had written related only to the French Canadian people and to life in some country parishes. Nothing was said about people of other races who came into the country later, but now form an important though not very large part of the population. They demand separate consideration.

Nor had I said anything about the city of Quebec. Abler writers have written of it often and well. But when collecting my papers for the printer, I found I had some photographs of the old gates of the city, now demolished. As they were among the last to be taken and are becoming somewhat rare, I decided to have them copied in half-tone and inserted in this volume, partly as a means of preservation and partly because they may revive in some people memories of the days before Quebec became modernized.

Public convenience doubtless required that the gates and some parts of the old fortifications should be removed, but their removal detracted very much from the picturesqueness and distinctive character of the city.

The three gates now standing—two of them on the sites of the old ones—are quite modern structures, and harmonize only moderately well with the connecting walls. One of them (Kent Gate) is entirely a recent opening, not belonging to the old system of fortifications. Prescott Gate, formerly standing on Mountain Hill, Palace Gate, about half way up Palace Street, and Hope Gate have entirely disappeared. Their sites may be easily located, although the immediate surroundings have been very much changed.

PRESCOTT GATE (OUTSIDE)

Part II

MY FRIENDS, THE HABITANTS OF CANADA

MY FRIENDS, THE HABITANTS OF CANADA

As one should always eat of the menu of the day and drink of the wine of the country, so he who wishes to note and most enjoy the distinctive features of Canada should visit her in winter, for it is then that she wears her native dress. Her summer habiliments, though beautiful and fascinating, are only the dress of a fête day. She begins to decorate herself in May, but it is not till the days are longest that she appears in her fullest glory. These transient adornments are again laid aside at the first touch of September frosts, to reappear in their perfection only when the June sun begins to run high. Such is the Canadian season,—a short four months, in which Nature seems to do all her out-of-door work. For the long remainder of the year her retarded but no less potent activities are hidden from sight.

When I speak of Canada I mean the Canada of old; what in the first half of this century was called Lower Canada, now the Province of Quebec. The other Provinces of the eastern part of the Dominion of Canada have their own distinctive features, but, with some exceptions, they are of more ordinary, well known character. There is grand scenery to be found in many other parts of the Dominion also, but the special human interest of Lower Canada is wanting. Lower Canada, the Province of Quebec, has scenery, climate, institutions, people, history, of its own, all peculiar and unlike those of any of the other Provinces.

It is of them and of them only that I propose to write, and mainly, too, of country and winter life, of which the ordinary tourist or visitor sees but very little.

Some people have an idea that the climate of Canada in winter is that of the Arctic regions. The climate is cold, it is true, but it is an endurable cold, dry and clear; far less trying than the damp airs of eastern New England, even at the difference of 10 or 15 degrees of the thermometer. Still, many may be surprised to learn that Quebec is 150 miles farther south than Paris, 325 miles south of London, 675 miles south of Glasgow, and 1025 miles south of St. Petersburg. Westward from Quebec the same parallel passes not far from Duluth, Minnesota, and the mouth of the Columbia river. Crossing the Pacific we should touch the northern part of Japan and the southernmost points of Siberia, and then away across the whole of China into southern Russia. Going east on the same parallel we should pass near Lyons in France and the line between Switzerland and Italy, and should go far south of all Germany and through the southern part of Hungary. It was said in the old "Peter Parley's Geography," that I studied when I was a small boy, that Quebec has the summer of Paris and the winter of St. Petersburg.

The greatest cold that I have personally recorded was 38 degrees below zero, and that was in the woods. Probably in the city of Quebec or in particularly exposed places it was at that time 42° or 45° below. But this was only for a few hours, and it did not prevent the lumbermen from working as usual. Of course feet and fingers, ears and faces, would soon be frozen if carelessly exposed to such a temperature; but the workingman, thickly clad in three or four heavy flannel shirts and pairs of trousers, and with numberless pairs of stockings on his feet, experiences

HOPE GATE

no inconvenience. From about 10° above to 10° below zero, if without wind, is very comfortable winter weather, and the Canadian climate furnishes a good deal of it. It is not cold enough to interfere with almost any business or pleasure that the people may have in hand.

The spring may be considered to come on late, but once started, vegetation advances with wonderful rapidity. Fields will usually be covered with snow till the middle of April and sometimes even later, but in two or three days after it is gone the grass is up fresh and bright. The ground is seldom frozen deep before it is covered with snow, and so as soon as the snow is gone the frost is out, and on dry land ploughing can be commenced at once.

If the spring comes late, the autumn comes early. Heavy frosts may be expected in September, and by the middle of October everything liable to be damaged by cold weather should be harvested.

Naturally, growth must be extremely rapid, so rapid in fact that its progress is perceptible from day to day.

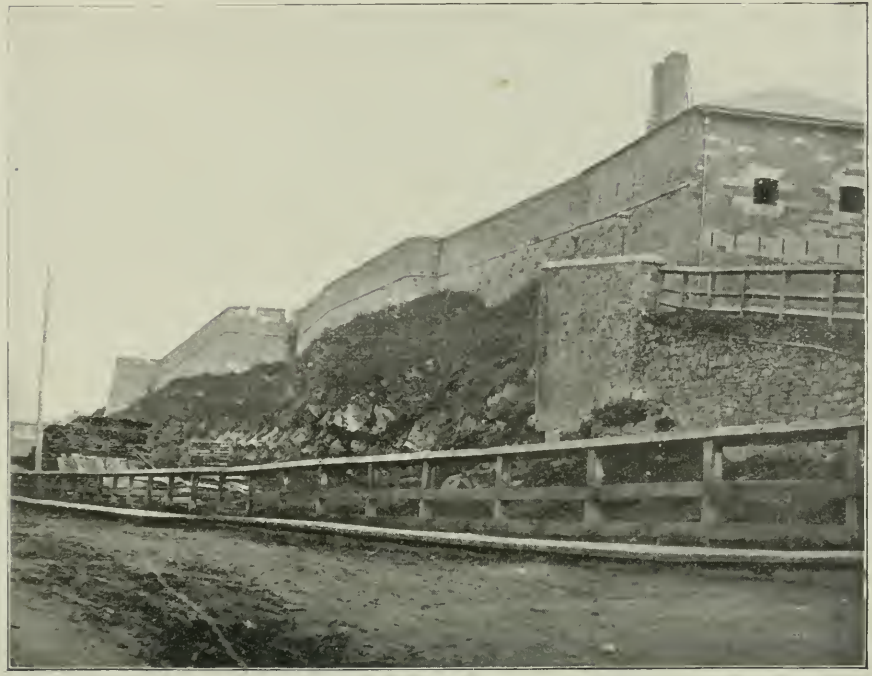
For instance, the writer had occasion to go to a fishing camp which was on the edge of a lake and surrounded by thick woods, on the 18th or 19th of May. In the open country the roads were passable for wheeled vehicles, but once in the woods the way was a succession of mud-holes and snow-banks. The lake was crossed on the ice, and on this occasion on foot, for greater caution, although only two or three days before horses had crossed on it. On the 20th the ice looked dangerous, and bits of open water could be seen ; on the 21st these spaces were much larger, and on the evening of the 22d scarcely any ice was visible. The country people say it does not melt, but becomes saturated with water and sinks nearly all at once.

On the 20th there were few signs of spring noticeable

on the hills that faced to the north, opposite the camp. We could discern a slight freshness in the evergreens and some swelling of buds on birches and maples, but that was all. The 21st showed a decided change, and on the 24th those hills were almost a mass of verdure, growing thicker and richer with each succeeding day. Still we had no difficulty in finding snow in which to pack our fish.

On the 20th of September following, four months later, the trees began to look decidedly brown, and every now and then some bright crimsons of maples and yellows of birches stood out sharply. The morning of the 21st showed a wonderful change, and two or three days later reds and yellows were the predominant colors, and the evergreens had lost all their freshness. In only four months all this mass of forest growth had budded, blossomed, ripened, and faded.

As in the forests so it is in the fields, and the farmer's work on his crops must mainly be done in this short time. But this time is a time of beauty. So much has been said and written of the winter climate of Canada that people are apt to think that it has no other, which is an entirely erroneous idea. Later May and June are beautiful, rich with ever-changing hues of springing grass and bursting vegetation. July and August see them mature and begin to ripen, while September and October are the months of all-completed harvest. There is no dallying. Nature keeps the farmer busy, and every day shows what she is doing for him. It is not here that spring comes slowly with scarcely noticeable steps, as in more southern regions. She comes late but not slowly, opening suddenly on us with a splendid outburst. Winter lingers, loath to go and eager to come again; but between the going and the coming are some most delightful months,—no scorch-



PALACE HILL

ing heats, no debilitating nights, but an ever fresh and invigorating air.

Oh, no, it is not always winter in Canada.

As in speaking of Canada I mean only the Province of Quebec, and especially that part of it not very far from the city of Quebec, so also in speaking of Canadians I mean only the French people of that Province; for there the French consider themselves the only true Canadians, all others being, as it were, foreigners and, in a sense, intruders. When not classed in a mass as Irish, from the most numerous of the foreign nationalities, they are mentioned as either Irish, Scotch, English, or otherwise, but not as Canadians. On the cars a few days ago a man gave the population of his parish as so many "Irlandais" and so many Canadians, meaning by "Irlandais" all those not French. Americans resident in Canada fall into the habit of making the same distinction to some extent. If we speak of a person as a Canadian he is at once assumed to be French. If he is not French we must designate his origin, for among the French people generally to have been born in Canada does not make a man a Canadian. Some leaders of public feeling among the French encourage this sentiment. So English Canadians very generally designate all citizens of the United States as Yankees, although the French call them *Americains*. Not long ago an American gentleman, being offended at the tone in which the word Yankee was applied to his countrymen by an English Canadian, retaliated by designating the French people as Canadians and the others as "Kanucks." Though it answered the speaker's purpose there was no real sense in the distinction. Along the borders of the States, and indeed throughout New England, the word "Kanuck" is applied to Canadians generally.

The Province can and does claim an enormous extent

of land yet unexplored. Whether much of it is even worth exploring is not known; at all events it is not wanted or likely to be wanted for ages. It is hardly possible that there can be either cultivable land or valuable timber on by far the greater part of it. A veteran surveyor who was sent many years ago to explore for timber the country far north of Lake St. John found nothing of value and turned back. Possibly that may have been only a local condition on account of the region having been devastated by fire in some bygone century. A recent explorer is said to have found immense forests of spruce, but the unauthenticated statements imputed to him are not confirmed in his official report, and seem to pass the limits of probability.

It is probable that agents and factors of the Hudson's Bay Company could give much information about that part of Canada if they would; but the policy of the company has always been that of secrecy. Formerly no explorer could go far into the company's territories without help that could only be found at the company's posts. If an unfortunate explorer needed help to get *out* he could have it, but if one wanted to go in the other direction he would find the obstacles almost insurmountable. Since the Dominion Government has acquired jurisdiction over that region, however, the difficulty has been somewhat lessened, and government explorers at least have been able to go wherever they desired.

The immediate valley of the St. Lawrence, once doubtless forming part of the bed of the river, is very narrow, seldom more than one or two miles in width, and broken by numerous points and headlands, on some of which are now perched picturesque Canadian villages with their equally picturesque parish churches. One can easily imagine the delight of the first explorers of the river as

ST. LOUIS GATE

they passed these lands, then covered with a luxurious growth of elm, ash, and other trees that indicated a wonderful fertility of soil. This magnificent verdure hid from sight the inhospitable hills that were a short distance away. But to the original settler the wood was his enemy, and his first efforts were directed to cutting it down and clearing it away. As there was no market for it, it could only be burned.

The soil is a rich alluvium, and still yields abundantly. Away from these fertile valleys of the St. Lawrence and the rivers falling into it the land rises sharply in terraces to other levels, with a sandy soil, extending to the base of the hills. Most of this land is now cleared and cultivated, the lower levels with fair but the upper levels with only very moderate results.

The main body of improved and cultivated land north of the St. Lawrence is that lying between that river and the Laurentian hills, which seem to come down to the water's edge at Les Eboulements, about one hundred and fifty miles below Quebec, and extend nearly west, losing their distinctive name somewhere about north of Montreal, although in fact the range continues to and beyond the head of Lake Superior. As the general course of the river is towards the northeast, the width of this cultivable strip generally increases as one goes west. Near Quebec it does not exceed nine miles, and continues about the same for some sixty or seventy miles westerly, widening only slowly in the main, but with considerable good land along the banks of several tributary streams.

But when once we have reached the base of the Laurentian hills the areas of good farming land are small and scattered. It is only in the neighborhood of Lake St. John that there is any considerable amount of it. Just how much there is, is not really known and is the subject

of much dispute. The most extravagant claims are made on the one hand, and even moderate estimates disallowed on the other. This lake is some forty-five miles long, with several large rivers flowing into it. All, or nearly all, have very swift currents and innumerable falls and rapids, so it is safe to assume that the greater part of the land is mountainous. Although the farmers of that region formerly had no considerable market nearer than Quebec, one hundred and eighty miles away, over roads only passable in winter, there have been some parishes near the lake for many years. The Seigneur de Roberval established a settlement there as early as 1650, but perished in the wilderness.

In order to let these people get out and to try to get others to go in, the Quebec and Lake St. John Railway was built a few years ago, and in these respects has been moderately successful. A good many settlers have gone there, and some at least are reported to be doing moderately well. The climate, however, is treacherous, and although the winters are claimed to be milder than those of Quebec, late and early frosts are much to be feared. Still, many intelligent and enthusiastic citizens have strong hopes that the region will yet come to be an important section of the Province.

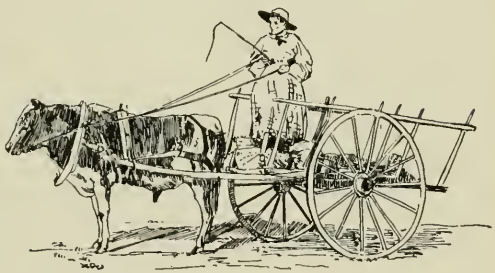
On the south side of the St. Lawrence, approaching what are known as the "Eastern Townships," the land is very much better, level or gently rolling, with soil fertile and easily worked. There, buildings have something of the appearance of those of a well-to-do New England farming community. North of the St. Lawrence also, going west from the city of Three Rivers (about ninety miles from Quebec), wide, rich, and well cultivated farms, amply provided with substantial buildings of every kind, extend far away from the river's bank.

THE REAPER

These, however, are not the parts of the country I propose to write about, which are mainly the rougher and less favored regions nearer the city of Quebec.

From the cabin on the lake already spoken of one might follow the line of longitude to the North Pole without seeing a house unless by accident some post of the Hudson's Bay Company, isolated in the wilderness, should be stumbled upon. Yet the lake is less than fifteen miles from the thickly settled valley of the St. Lawrence, and only some thirty miles from Quebec.

In these sections the average farmer would not be considered, in the States, to be a very thriving person. But his wants are few and his tastes of the simplest, so that he manages to feed his numerous children, pay his dues to Church and State, and have a decent suit of clothes for Sundays and holidays. He must be very poor indeed if he cannot make a respectable appearance at church. It is a matter of religion with him. He works less steadily and with less intelligence than the New Englander, but is twice as well satisfied with what he gets, and probably quite as happy and contented. He makes but little progress in any direction, but feels not the slightest uneasiness on that account. He has a great deal of the bliss that goes with ignorance, although the last two or three decades have seen much change in this respect, and he no longer insists that what was good enough for the fathers is good enough for him.



The farmers' principal crops are hay, oats, and potatoes.

With these are some buckwheat and other articles of minor importance, mainly for the family use. Some tobacco is everywhere raised for home consumption, but almost always of very inferior quality. A few cattle and hogs, a little poultry, and a very few sheep are kept.

Canadian cows are small, but hardy and good milkers.

Since the general introduction of butter and cheese factories the product of these articles has greatly increased and the quality improved, so that cattle raising is a little more profitable than formerly. Some years ago only the dairies of the best English and Scotch farmers produced butter of very high grade, but now the factories fully equal or surpass them. No strictly first-class fat cattle are raised. The best beef on the Quebec market mostly comes from the Province of Ontario or from the "Eastern Townships," the counties along and near the line of Maine, New Hampshire, and Vermont. Neither is the raising of horses profitable of late years. The race of Canadian horses that was famous fifty or seventy-five years ago has entirely disappeared, and its equal for speed and hardiness has not been found. It seems a pity that a breed so entirely suited to the general wants of the community should have become extinct. Short legged, heavy bodied, and broad chested, with intelligent eyes and wide nostrils, they could endure more hard work and hard fare than any of the races that have supplanted them. With-

out being extremely swift they were good drivers and could take the traveller over as much road as he could endure driving over in one day.

Women and girls help a good deal in field work, but not so generally now as formerly. It is not unusual to see a horse and an ox harnessed together with a man holding the plough and the woman driving. I saw a case of this kind not long ago, as picturesque to the looker-on as it was devoid of encouragement to the workers. The party was ploughing on the steep side of a broken gully in a sandy soil where there seemed no possible chance of any crop that would pay for an hour's labor. Man, woman, horse, ox, plough, harness, and land looked equally forlorn. A little further on I passed a man and boy ploughing, while two women and seven children were planting potatoes in the furrows. One might think the family could almost eat the expected harvest at a meal, so poor was the prospect of a crop. In more favorable localities the women work only at lighter tasks, making hay, harvesting grain, and the like. Women at work in a hay field in the pleasant summer weather are always a pretty sight, and they seem to enjoy the occupation. In the old times, when all the grain was cut with the sickle, there was much hard work for women, and the rounded backs and shoulders of many of the old farmers' wives still tell of the labors they endured. Modern mowing and reaping machines have done much for the women here.

Formerly a good deal of flax was raised, and home-spun linen was the rule. Linen is now cheaper to buy than to weave, and except by a few families where there are many women for whom there is little employment flax is not much cultivated.

The breaking of the flax affords one of the most picturesque sights to be found. It is almost always done in

some pretty little nook, where there is plenty of shade, and where fire can be made without danger. Heat is necessary to separate the fibre from the woody portions of the stalk, and as flax is exceedingly inflammable there must be no buildings near. It is dusty work, but as there are always a number of women at it, and chatting can be kept up almost without intermission, they like it.

Pleasant weather in the month of October adds the charm of brilliant autumn foliage and bright sunshine.

But with all his labor and all his simplicity of life, on the unfertile soils near the foot of the Laurentians, the habitant cannot always succeed in making both ends meet, and many uncultivated fields and deserted dwellings may be seen, the owners of which have gone to seek kinder fortunes elsewhere. The land yields well when first cleared and while the ashes of the burned wood serve to fertilize it, but when these are exhausted there is not much good in the soil.

To some men of the younger generations of these habitants abandoned farms of New England have seemed to offer greater temptations than their native country could show them. The number of these farmers is not very great, but I understand that such as have taken such farms have almost invariably been successful. Patient and frugal, they are content with results that did not satisfy the more restless and ambitious Americans.

FLAX-BREAKING

Part III

ANIMAL LIFE AND FISH

ANIMAL LIFE AND FISH

THE stranger in Canadian forests, whether in summer or winter, will be surprised at the small amount of animal life to be seen. In winter he will scarcely see a bird unless it be an occasional partridge, now and then a raven, and about his camp a few "whiskey jacks" or crossbills. But if he roams much in the woods he will find plenty of evidence of a life that does not show itself openly. Tracks of rabbits, foxes, martens, and squirrels will be found everywhere. Looking carefully along by the banks of streams he may find tracks of otter, mink, or muskrat. If the stranger is a hunter and has a good rifle under his arm, he will be on the lookout for caribou, almost the only large game now to be found here in winter, for the moose is scarce in this region, and the red deer finds the snow too deep for his small feet and keeps to places where there is less of it.

Caribou, however, are reasonably plenty, and the skilled hunter need not pass many days during the proper season without finding them. If they have not been disturbed there will very likely be three or four, and perhaps ten or a dozen together. Although timid they are curious. They sometimes wander into villages, and have even been found in fields, and driven to barns with cattle. Quite recently one was seen one evening within a hundred yards of a paper mill that was lighted up and running, and another stood for some time where a man might have shot him from his bedroom window. Such instances are somewhat rare, although not extremely so. If the hunter who is for-

tunate enough to get on a fresh trail will follow it up carefully, making as little noise as possible, he has a fair chance of success. If the snow should be three feet or so deep the caribou will not go far without stopping, unless he is frightened. If he is, he can get away at a tremendous pace, for his feet spread tolerably wide and the under part of the hoof is somewhat concaved, causing the snow to become solid under it instead of being merely thrust aside, so that unless the snow is extremely light and soft his feet do not sink deep. The caribou has also a way quite peculiar to himself of putting his feet to the ground, by which he brings the " dew-claws " or " accessory hoofs," as they are sometimes called, to bear, which has the effect of making a track twice or three times the size of the hoof alone.

The caribou seems to have no idea whatever of personal comfort. He will lie down to rest in a bed of slush, half snow and half icy water, or on a hillock of grass scarcely above the water's edge. He has no fixed home, but wanders about wherever his fancies lead him, although if he happens to hit on good feeding ground he may stay for some time in its neighborhood. His senses of hearing and smell are very acute. I think, however, that loud noises for which his instincts cannot account, confuse him. The breaking of a twig may start a whole herd on the run, but if a rifle shot kills one of them the others may circle about as if uncertain what direction to take. On the Quebec & Lake St. John Railway, some years ago, some friends of mine saw a herd of five from the car windows. They stopped the train, got off, and "went for" them.

The caribou has increased rapidly since the enactment and partial enforcement of suitable game laws. Thorough enforcement would be difficult. The open season is now from September first to February first, five months, but

in effect these are practically almost reduced to two, for there can be no great amount of successful hunting until the ground is well covered with snow, usually about the 1st of December. The caribou shed their horns usually in November, and the man who buys a fine *panage* to ornament his dining room has some ground to suspect that the animal was killed when he ought not to have been. What becomes of all the horns dropped in the woods? The writer has never found but one, and that a small one. They are probably quickly found and eaten by insects and small rodents.

Chasseur.

Mr. Caspar Whitney in "On Snowshoes to the Barren Grounds" complains bitterly of the absurd ways of his Indians in hunting the caribou, rushing, shouting, and firing guns at random instead of quietly stalking them. A gentleman who has hunted caribou on the Barren Grounds east of Hudson's Bay tells me that this is precisely the method of the Indians in that region. They depend on getting them confused so that they are uncertain where to go, and can be cut down at will, for the caribou is, in the main, a very stupid creature. The trouble with Mr. Whitney was that he had not Indians enough.

As an example of the number of caribou on the edge of the Barren Grounds, a factor of the Hudson's Bay Company told an acquaintance of mine that he laid in a stock of

nine hundred carcasses for the winter's supply of his post. Another man tells me he has seen in Labrador herds of three or four hundred. In the swamps of the interior of Newfoundland similar herds are often seen.

The Barren Grounds extend, as doubtless most of my readers know, nearly or quite across the Continent, from the interior of Labrador on the east to Alaska on the west, and from the limit of timber on the south away into the Arctic Circle. In the depths of this region of desolation Mr. Whitney says no living creature exists in winter except the musk-ox. No vegetation except mosses and lichens can be found there. Even the caribou merely skirts its borders.

Moose are now seldom seen in this region. Hunting, lumbering, settlements, and in some places railroads, have either destroyed or driven them away. Not that they are extinct by any means, for a few are found every year within reach of hunters; but if they are plenty anywhere it is in places that the sportsman would find it hard to get at. Only the Indian, who makes very little account of distances and can exist almost anywhere, and to whom the meat is valuable, would find it worth his while to follow them to their haunts. For sporting purposes they appear to be far more plentiful in Maine and Nova Scotia than north of the St. Lawrence. Powerful as they are, they do not like too deep snow, and a crust is their abomination, for they break through it and cut their legs. The writer has never happened to meet one in the woods, although in his early experience, thirty or thirty-five years ago, he very often came across their tracks and sometimes their "yards." These "yards" are more exactly a net-work of paths beaten in the deep snow on some good feeding ground. There the animals remain, browsing within a limited area for days or weeks at a time. They are likely

also to return to the same neighborhood year after year, finding a larger supply of fresh and tender twigs and branches than in localities not previously cropped. If the hunter finds one of these yards he is tolerably sure of his game, for it cannot easily get far away. Whether shooting the creatures under such circumstances comes within the limits of "sport" is another question. I have heard that in the times when there was a garrison at Quebec, including many English officers who wanted amusement and cared nothing for the cost, whenever Indians or others in roaming about the woods found one of these yards they would hasten to town and inform their clients, who would return with their guides and shoot every moose to be found.

Moose, although scarce, as already stated, seem to be slowly increasing in number under the operation of judicious game laws.

Fur-bearing animals have been driven away by civilization, but hunters and trappers who will go far enough for them still get a good supply. Necessarily, aside from the numbers killed, they become more scarce as their habitats are encroached upon. It is not merely that they are compelled to migrate, but the natural balance is disturbed and the struggle for life becomes too fierce for them.

The beaver, once so plentiful that their skins formed the principal article of commerce of the country, shipments of tens of thousands of them being made yearly, are now almost as rare as the moose. They are not extinct or alarmingly near extinction, but persistent hunting for three centuries and the advance of civilization have not only reduced their numbers but driven most of the remainder into other regions. I can still find new-made dams and lately built *cabanes*, but they are scarce. Hunting them in this Province is now forbidden until the year

1900, which will give them a respite. They will perhaps not return to their old homes, but build new ones a few miles away, for they are accustomed to migrate to some extent. After inhabiting a certain neighborhood for a few years they may suddenly desert it for no known reason and establish themselves on other water courses, going considerable distances over land or even directly over some mountain in order to reach them.

Accounts of the wonderful sagacity of these little creatures may be found in almost any work on natural history, but I have heard of one point that I do not remember to have seen noted. Almost any woodsman felling trees will occasionally let one fall so that it will lodge on other trees and not come to the ground. The beaver never does this. When he fells a tree it comes quite down, and always falls towards the water. Then with those sharp little teeth of his he cuts it up into lengths that he can handle and stacks them up for his winter's provision, quite near to his *cabane*. His food is mainly the inner bark and part of the sap-wood of birch, alder, mountain ash, and some other deciduous trees. Unlike his neighbor, the otter, he does not eat fish.

It is a little curious to note that in the history of the early trade of the country little or no mention is made of any skins except those of the beaver, and this at a time when furs were the only export of Canada and when other furs now accounted valuable were proportionately plentiful.

A friend has given me a sectional sketch of a beaver's *cabane* and many items of information about their habits, some of which, perhaps, may not be generally known. I can only give a few of his statements, as many of them belong more properly to the realm of the naturalist. His information was derived partly from much hunting of the

animals during years of service with the Hudson's Bay Company, and in part from Indians, with whom his duties brought him into constant intercourse, and whose language he speaks with perfect fluency. The Indians have numberless myths and superstitions concerning the beaver, but as my friend is a close observer he was able to reject whatever of their histories he did not find in accord with his own conclusions.

The construction of the beaver's hut and his method of building dams are very generally understood, but may be new to some. Both are built of sticks somewhat interlaced, and plastered and held together with clay. The huts, in general size and shape, much resemble an ordinary hay-cock. They are built close to the water's edge on the banks of lakes whose outlets can be dammed. When the water is low the beaver commences his hut, and at the same time begins to dam the stream. The hut is completely circular except for a space of about eighteen inches in width, which he leaves for the purpose of ingress and egress. As the hut progresses he raises the height of his dam, and when the water is high enough he arches over this aperture also, so that the opening is at last entirely under water. Then he goes on and completes his house. The outside he leaves rough, but if any sticks or bunches of clay protrude on the inside, he gnaws them off, leaving the inner wall quite smooth. Then he proceeds to build inside the hut a table or shelf, occupying the whole space except that left for his doorway. This table he makes slightly concave, filling up the hollow with chips, not of short cuttings but of long strips, much like those thrown off by a carpenter's plane. On this the beavers live and sleep. The huts are high enough to allow them to sit up on their haunches and play and amuse themselves together, which they do a great deal. They are great

chatterers, and act as if they had a speech of their own. As the otter will slide down a slippery bank into the water and come out and slide again in pure play, precisely like a parcel of school boys coasting, so the beaver disports himself by jumping off a bank into the lake, using his broad, flat tail to give himself a spring.

The shelf or table in the hut is from three to five inches above the level of the water when the dam is finished. If the water afterward rises so that his house is in danger of being flooded he goes to the dam and pulls out sticks enough to let off the surplus. If the water goes down he builds his dam higher.

The beaver does not usually eat in his cabin but goes outside for his meals. The inside is always perfectly clean and dry. Although he comes in from the water he is not wet, for the water runs off him as from a duck's back. He gives his feet, which may be slightly wet, a little shake to throw the water off, so that he carries none of it to his bed.

The female usually has two young at a birth, sometimes four, and very rarely six, always equally divided as to sex. If the hut becomes too small for the family, it is enlarged by gnawing away from the inside and building up on the outside, always keeping the walls about eighteen inches in thickness. A family or a part of the same family may continue to occupy the same hut for successive years, although they breed so rapidly that if unmolested some must necessarily colonize. My friend does not mention the fact, but I have heard it said that they never mate in the same family. If the colonists can find an old and partly dilapidated hut they will set themselves to repairing it rather than build a new one, for which no one who observes the amount of labor required can in any way blame them.

If any one reproaches me for having been led away to tell about beavers instead of sticking to "my friends, the habitants," I can only ask him to be a little indulgent, and to try to look on the beavers themselves as *habitants*, predecessors of all the others, and without whom the others would not have existed. Perhaps, too, there are some people to whom the habits of one class are as interesting as those of the other.

The comparative scarcity of birds in the woods is easily accounted for. There is but little for them to eat; few nuts, worms or insects, grains or grasses. Nut-bearing trees are few, and of insects the only ones that seem to be superabundant are black flies and mosquitoes. Of these in their season there seem to be far too many, but perhaps if there were less something else would go wrong, and we may be better off with them. Doubtless they serve some useful purpose, although it would be hard to convince the summer fisherman that such was the case. Of birds of prey there are only owls and some hawks. Nearly all the birds native to the northern states exist also in this part of Canada, but not generally in great numbers. Ducks breed in suitable localities, but migrate early. The wild goose is not rare. Loons are plenty; being fish eaters they do not depend on the same conditions as most other species.

Chasseuse

Along the banks of the St. Lawrence a good many ducks of various kinds, snipe, plover, and other small shore birds, are to be found at the proper season, and are eagerly hunted. Partridges abound, and an occasional woodcock may be "raised," though they are scarce. I know of one family of which the young ladies formerly joined their brothers in their hunting expeditions and were almost equally as successful as they. As these ladies, however, are now all married and gone to other quarters of the globe, I imagine that strolling photographers are not likely to meet them on the shores of the St. Lawrence any more.

Within a few years the inland fisheries of Canada have become important. The building of the Quebec & Lake St. John Railway opened up a region full of lakes and streams that teemed with trout. It was known before, but was difficult of access. The lands and waters belong almost entirely to the Provincial Government, which has now leased to individuals or clubs fishing privileges on nearly all that can be reached without extreme difficulty. Of clubs there is a considerable number, the majority composed of Americans. Some of them control waters within very large areas, including twenty, fifty, or one hundred lakes, many of which the members of the clubs never have seen and probably never will see. Of course not all of them are good fishing waters, but enough are good to afford as fine trout fishing as is known. The whole range of the Laurentian hills is full of lakes and streams. In almost every stream are trout, sometimes large in proportion to its size, but depending also on various other conditions. The best trout fishing in the lakes is likely to be in those highest up among the hills. Where, as very often happens, there is a succession or chain of lakes, it is probable that only one or two will afford good fishing for *fontinalis*. The others may be more or less stocked with "namaycush"

or lake trout (known under various names in different places), but they are rarely fished for sport. I have not heard of any *fontinalis* being taken quite as large as the largest from the Rangeleys and some other Maine lakes, but fish of three, four, or five pounds are not scarce.

Those large ones will seldom rise to the fly, except during a few days in late May, or early June and a few days in the autumn. At other times they must be fished for either by trolling or with bait in deep water, a kind of fishing that the real sportsman is not likely to care for very much. He will ordinarily prefer a two-pound trout taken with the fly to one of five or six pounds caught with bait. Nor even in fly fishing is the quality of the sport altogether dependent on the size of the fish, although the fisherman is naturally ambitious to take the largest that is to be had. A trout of a pound and a half weight in an eddy of some swirling rapid will give the sportsman more satisfaction than one of three pounds in quiet waters, or one of two pounds in a clear, cool lake more than one of five pounds in richer waters where food is plentiful and the fish are "logy." Really the nicest trout for the table are those weighing about a pound or a little more or less.

The Quebec & Lake St. John Railway has also opened access to the haunts of the ouananiche, considered by those who know it well to be second only to the salmon as a game fish. It is in fact a smaller salmon, and differs little, if at all, from the true salmon (*salmo salar*) except in size, and in the fact that it does not go to the salt water. The name is Indian and the termination "iche" means only "little," so that "little salmon" is the translation of the word ouananiche. The numerous rivers flowing into Lake St. John are well stocked with them, and its outlets, the Grande and Petite Décharges, which join to make that wonderful river, the Saguenay, afford some of the finest

fishing on the Continent. These fish love the wildest rapids, and no waters seem too swift or broken for them. Their strength and gaminess are wonderful. The novice will in all probability lose many fish and much tackle before he learns their ways. They were formerly thought to be indigenous only to the waters of Grand Lake, on the borders of Maine and New Brunswick, and to Lake St. John and its tributaries, but it is now known that some of the rivers of Labrador are teeming with them.

The salmon fisheries of the streams flowing into the St. Lawrence are too well known to need special reference. They are all under lease, largely to Americans. The rentals range all the way from twenty-five dollars to six thousand dollars per annum.

The fisheries of the lower St. Lawrence are varied and valuable. Those of the upper St. Lawrence, above Quebec and below Montreal, are of small individual but considerable aggregate importance to the local consumers. The fish are mostly taken in nets or traps. The only kinds that give the people any amusement in the catching are the smelt and the "tommy cod." The former do not go much above Quebec, where they are caught with rod and bait, as in thousands of other places. But the "tommy cod," the *petite morue* of the French people, goes up to the head of tide-water, some ninety miles above Quebec, to spawn, about Christmas, and continues about three weeks—not longer. They are caught in different ways, sometimes with traps and scoop nets, but more generally with hand lines through holes cut in the ice, from little cabins set just along the line of rocks that border the channel on the north side. They do not frequent the south side any more than do the shad (of which a few are taken in their season) cross to the north. Nor do they wander far onto the flats or out into the strong current. When the tide runs strong they disappear. One may sit

and bob for hours without a bite, but at about high or low water they take hold well. The night tides are best, and not seldom a couple of men or boys may take four, five or six hundred in a night. They usually are sold frozen, at about fifty cents the bushel. A bushel would be probably about 250 fish. They are fairly good eating and go far to help the villagers through Lent.

By about the fifth of January they first begin to go down the river again, ravenously hungry, but so thin and poor as to be almost uneatable. The value of the season's catch at one village not more important than several others along the river, was not long ago estimated at $2,000.

Part III

OCCUPATIONS

OCCUPATIONS

THE principal winter industry of the men in this region, except those who have farms important enough to demand their whole attention, and except those occupied in ordinary mechanical work, such as shoe makers, carriage makers and the like, is lumbering. The larger farmers themselves have no small amount of work to do in the woods, for the firewood for the year in a climate like that of Canada is a heavy item, and it is also they who are called on to supply all the material for building and miscellaneous purposes, except that produced by mill owners. This is produced in the larger mills in only a limited number of shapes, for the logs cut for the purpose of commerce are intended to be made chiefly into deals for the English market. The standard dimensions of a deal are 12 feet long, 9 inches wide and 3 inches thick. Other dimensions are made in order that no timber may be wasted, but the chief effort of the saw mill owner is to produce deals, either 12 or 14 feet long. Only that which cannot be made into deals is sawn into boards, to be sold in American markets. I refer now mainly to the region referred to above. In some other sections other ends are aimed at, but of those I do not now speak.

The larger farmers being occupied with routine and occasional business, the smaller ones, some unemployed mechanics, and many day laborers, whose ordinary occupations are suspended during the winter, go into the woods when the lumbering season comes round.

Lumbering works are not now generally conducted as

they were in former times, and as they are still in other parts of the country. Where timber is plenty, large camps, accommodating 30, 40 or 50 men, are built; but where it is scattering the logs are made by jobbers, who cut and draw them to the water's edge at an agreed price per hundred.

The jobbers are usually two or three neighbors, or sometimes a man with one or two sons, who work together and divide their earnings. The plan suits both employer and employé. The former is rid of a good deal of care and superintendence and the latter is independent of any foreman. He can work when he pleases, and if it suits him to leave the woods and go home he is at liberty to do so, and generally does. The amount of time lost in this way is very great. The jobber is pretty sure to go home for the holidays and he starts a day or two before Christmas, so as to be sure. New Years Day is a more important fête even than Christmas, and the *Jour des Rois* (Epiphany) comes so soon after that he thinks it not worth while to go back until it is over. Then it takes him one or two days more to get ready, so that very often he will use up three full weeks out of the best of the season. He has promised to make a certain number of logs during the winter and perhaps will do it, but if he does not he is not likely to be sued for damages, and is not much concerned. He can make the logs cheaper than the employer could do it by hiring men, for he can support himself alone for less than it would cost to feed him in a large camp. He would grumble fearfully if he were fed no better than he feeds himself.

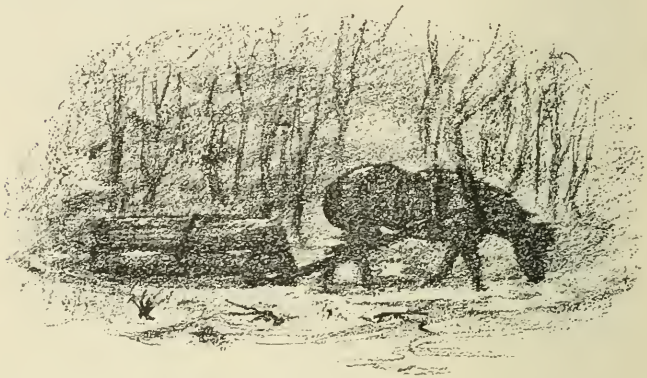
For a large number of men the employer would be obliged to build a camp with separate stables for the horses, which might cost him two or three hundred dollars, whereas the jobbers can put up a camp in a couple of days

that will accommodate both them and their horses as well. They all live together, perhaps with a dog and a variety of insects. A jobber's camp is not always a pleasant place to sleep in for the stranger whose prejudices are in favor of cleanliness. The fare is simple and cheap, consisting mainly of bread, pork and pea soup. The soup kettle is always on the fire, never exhausted—and never washed. Pork, peas and water are put into it as required, and the soup goes on continuously until the winter's work is done. Once in a while a man will have a pot of tea, and if the jobber is a farmer he may perhaps bring some potatoes to the camp, but such luxuries are not usual.

Loggers' Camp.

The men get out to their work early and work as long as they can see, but in the short winter days this is not too long, and the work does not usually demand long continued strenuous exertions, so the men are likely to come out of the woods in the spring fat and hearty, while the poor horses look thin and discouraged. It is the horses who have the hardest time, for although the main road from where the logs are made is usually kept in excellent order, and almost always either level or down-hill, yet all that is done for the numerous branch roads is to make it possible to get over them. If a horse can go he must go, and that is all there is about it. To reach the logs he may have to flounder through snow nearly to his belly, up hills

and over rocks, but the logs must come out and he must get to them, though it strains every muscle. And if it is hard to get up the hills with the empty log-sled it is not easier to get down with a load, for the way is steep and crooked in places, and he sometimes has to hold back hard, and gets sadly knocked about. A very simple and admirably effective way of arranging the shafts of the sled, however, reduces his trials immensely and he soon learns how to handle himself.



Loggers' Sled.

The drawing of logs in this country is all done by single horses and the powerful ox teams used in other regions are never seen here. A habitant jobber may occasionally have an ox, but he is always harnessed like a horse and driven with reins. The oxen are so small and slow that it seems impossible for them to accomplish much, but it costs less to keep them, they are less liable to accidents and diseases than horses, and if anything happens to them they may be killed and eaten, which is no small consideration to the poor habitant.

The net earnings of the jobber probably amount to less

than he might have had in a large camp, where he would be hired by the month, fed, and furnished with tools, etc., but he has the satisfaction of not working so hard and of being, in the main, his own master. He can always make use of his horses, and of his boys if he has any of suitable age, to drive them.

The wanderer in the woods will often hear the loud shout of "*viens donc*," "*marche donc*," or "*arrète donc*," with the last syllable long drawn out, as the first evidence that he is near a lumberman's road. A Canadian in the woods could not drive without yelling at the top of his voice; but the horse soon learns to pay very little attention to the cries.

I have been very much amused on some of my journeys at a certain old veteran beast of the shanties which, when the ground is bare, draws my luggage over a certain piece of wood on a sled with wooden runners. The load is never heavy, but there are many mud-holes and rocky places. When the road suits the old horse he will go in it, but when he finds what seems to him a better place to pass he will take to that, and not all the ear-splitting yells of his driver, who is generally walking along some distance in the rear, can stop him. He will drag his load over rocks or fallen trees at any conceivable angle, but if it actually upsets, or the sled strikes against a root or a stump, he wastes no strength in useless exertions but quietly stops and crops the twigs within his reach until his driver comes up. Then when a lift or a push releases him, he responds to a mildly spoken "*g-i-o-c*" and goes on. Cries of "*arrète donc*," with a dozen different inflections, in a voice that could easily be heard half a mile, make no impression on him, but the quiet order is obeyed.

The boys get into the woods at an early age. Where

the hauling is not difficult, a boy of fourteen or fifteen years can be made very useful. The jobber's work is finished when he gets the logs to the water's edge. He has nothing to do with the "drive," though he may be employed on it, but that is altogether another story.

Driving logs has been described scores of times. The work is often exciting, sometimes dangerous, and always attended with hardships. It must be carried on in all weathers, sleep and food must be taken when they can be had, and wet clothing is the rule. Only the young and vigorous are fit for it.

The writer recently had an opportunity to witness part of a drive, that while on a very small scale, showed thoroughly characteristic features.

My duties required me to go into the woods and among the loggers' camps. Tired of sharing the scanty quarters of the jobbers, where sometimes a bench, a table or a pile of wood was the only available bed, or even of claiming the hospitality of the larger camps, I had built for myself a comfortable cabin at a convenient point for all my journeys, and on the border of one of the most charming of all Canadian lakes. Not that I was ever unkindly received in the camps, and many a time has a jobber slept on the floor or a foreman shared the bunks of his men in order to give me the best accommodation possible.

The outlet of this lake falls something over four hundred feet in half a mile, and is wild, rocky and picturesque, as may well be imagined.

Much money and labor and a dam at the head of the discharge had made it available for driving logs, of which about 7,000 were ready at this time to be sent down. As they were lying quietly in the lake, I remarked to the friend with me how nice and clean and handsome they looked, to which my woodranger, who was with us, ans-

wered, "*Il-y-en a qui vont se cogner la tête bien vite.*" It was only saying that some of them were going to get their heads bumped very soon, but somehow the expression seemed to sound much more picturesque in French than in English.

The dam was opened and we ran along the bank, watching the logs go down. They were tossed from one side of the stream to the other, knocking against rocks, rolled over a thousand times, and once in a while turned quite end over end. The thundering of their striking the rocks and of the rushing water was so great that we could hardly hear each other's voices. In ten minutes from the time we had seen them lying peaceably at the outlet of the lake some of them began to collect in a pool below, their ends all battered and splintered, the bark rubbed off or torn and hanging in long strips.

A "jam" occurred just when we were in a capital position to see it and we looked on and applauded the skill and daring with which the men broke it up. When the one log that formed the key to the whole was removed and the great pile melted away as it were in a few seconds, we could not resist the inclination to shake the hand of the foreman of the gang of drivers and congratulate him on a difficult and dangerous work well done. We liked him for the care he took that if a man was compelled to go to a place of special danger, every precaution should be taken for his escape or rescue.

The lake of which I have spoken is separated by a strip of land about 150 yards wide from another lake which lies some 250 feet below it. Before it was found possible to make the outlet of our lake available for driving logs it was customary to send the logs made around that lake into the other by means of a "slide," which was simply two parallel lines of timber laid not quite so far apart as

the diameter of a log. The logs were sent down endwise, and of course the velocity was tremendous, the slide being laid at an angle of about 35°. The story is that although the water at the foot of the slide was over 200 feet deep the logs falling into it went quite to the bottom and came up bringing sand and pebbles with them. Also, that if a log going down struck on another log already in the water it would break it sharp in two.

This was mainly correct enough except as to the depth of water, which can hardly be more than 50 or 60 feet at that point. Also, one log dropping from such a height onto another would almost certainly splinter it, but it would require a most extraordinary concatenation of circumstances to break one quite in two. But the best part of the story was that if a small log coming down endwise struck quite squarely on a large one floating below it would go through it clean "just like a cannon ball."

The cliff down which the slide was laid extends for about three miles on one side of a river and lake and is considered by many to be finer than the palisades of the Hudson. Its average height is not far from 250 feet, and except in two or three places where there are breaks it is almost or quite perpendicular. The opposite bank, only 200 or 300 yards away, is low and rises only gently for a long distance back. It must have been a wonderful convulsion of nature that resulted in such a formation.

Looking up at the cliff from below one is surprised to see how little soil is necessary to the growth of a tree. From very trifling crevices in the rock, where only a mere handful of earth could be lodged, we find trees and large bushes springing. Their roots find a way into the cracks somehow and hold on most wonderfully. I know especially of one considerable cedar that appears to have crawled out of a hole where there is no sign of earth.

Indeed, it is wonderful that the masses of stone that compose these Laurentian hills can support such a dense forest as they do. There is scarcely any earth at all visible; nothing but rocks covered with decayed leaves and rotten wood. It will all burn like tinder when once the fire gets into it. That is why the forest fires are so terribly destructive in this country. I once left a camp fire not thoroughly extinguished, and when I came back to the place after two or three days smoke and steam were coming out of the ground several feet away in every direction, and a great rocky cavity was where my fire had been. Rain had moistened the surface and extinguished any blaze, but the fire was working underneath and might have broken out again after days or even weeks, devastating many miles of timber land. Very many fires are caused in this way, through the carelessness of hunters and fishermen. I have not been blameworthy in that respect since that time.

Lumber merchants claim that many times more timber is destroyed by fire than by the axe. We are constantly meeting with the evidences of fires, some recent and some of many years ago. A friend once told me that away up beyond Lake St. John he had found what he thought were signs of three distinct fires that had passed over the same land at long intervals. The fires may have been caused by savages, who once roamed in those dreary and inhospitable regions in large numbers, though my friend thought not.

Part IV

AMUSEMENTS
CONTES AND RACONTEURS

AMUSEMENTS—CONTES AND RACONTEURS

FOR amusement in winter there is endless visiting of course, with chatter accordingly. Three or four Canadian women together can keep up a clatter that would put a shopful of sewing machines to the blush. Since social dancing has been disapproved the principal amusements are talking, singing and card playing. Sometimes when a lot of young people get together simple games are indulged in. "Kissing games" are of course tabooed; but other games involving forfeits, such as are known almost everywhere under various names, are played. These may be boisterous but are almost never rude.

Athletic sports are almost unknown in the country parishes. The young men seem to think they can get all the exercise they need in their ordinary occupations. Such games as foot ball, base ball, cricket, hockey, lacrosse, tennis and the like are never seen, and even skating and sliding are almost entirely confined to the small boys.

For amusement for the men in the woods there is not much. In jobbers' camps there is almost none at all except when some stranger or visitor happens to come in. The jobbers get their suppers, smoke their pipes and go to bed. They are up again at four or half past four in the morning to feed their horses, breakfast, and be at their work as soon as it is light enough to see.

In the large camps where many men are together some of them will want to do something to pass away the time.

A few will play cards, some may play draughts, and there will surely be some who sing. Very likely there will be a fiddler in the party and some may dance jigs. These amusements, however, are mostly kept for Sunday afternoons and evenings. Sunday mornings are devoted to loafing and chat. Perhaps the foreman may wash and shave, but the men do not often give themselves that trouble.

When the usual hour for church service arrives all will be quiet; and during the time that the mass is being celebrated in the churches the men will kneel and repeat their prayers. Sometimes there will be a leader and the others will only give responses, and sometimes each will say his prayers for himself. Some will get through a little sooner than the others, but until the last man is done there is no disturbance. For the rest of the day the men are at liberty to amuse themselves as they like. As a fact they do little except sleep or go hunting or fishing, and only a few have guns or lines. They must also get their own suppers for Sunday afternoon is the cook's holiday and he is not obliged to cook for them.

After supper is the time for general amusements,—singing, dancing, card playing, or whatever is allowable. But the greatest entertainer of all is the "*raconteur*" or story-teller.

I should never be able to tell of *contes* and *raconteurs* without referring at once to our faithful ranger Nazaire, as we call him, in his early and middle life a prince among story-tellers. And if I begin to speak of him I shall be liable to bring in also my own experience with him, for we have been in the woods together for many a year, through sunshine and storm, pleasure and hardship. As much the entertaining companion and devoted friend as the honored and trusted employé, he has been my guide and associate in numberless wanderings.

Nazaire

Having him with me I was sure of a welcome in any camp, for if the men cared nothing for me they all knew and liked Nazaire and were sure of an evening's entertainment. Many a *conte* have I heard from him that I sincerely wish I could write down. I remember distinctly only two, and one of those I have never been able to translate in such a manner as to give any idea whatever of the spirit of the story. I shall give it in French and whoever likes to try his hand at it is welcome to do so.

Nazaire's soirées in camp usually began with about half an hour's talk about woods, logs, the depth of the snow, what this man, that, and the other was doing, and similar matters of general interest. Then someone who knew how to lead the good man on would probably tell some improbable or impossible story. Nazaire had one to give back at the shortest notice. I remember one occasion (which will serve as a sample of many others) when he told the following along with many other similar stories, but I cannot hope or attempt to give any idea of the spirit and variety of his narration :

There was once a very famous hunter named Dalbec, who lived in the village of Ste. Anne. He had been hunting all day and was returning home when he came to a little round lake, on the opposite side of which he saw a fox. Just as he raised his gun to fire six ducks came sailing from under the bushes nearer to him. He hesitated at which to shoot, and decided to try his chances at both. Placing the barrel of his long gun between two trees, he bent it into a quarter of a circle, fired at the ducks, killed them all, killed the fox also, and the bullet came back and broke the leg of his dog that was standing by him.

Someone else then told a story of seeing from a barn window two bears standing on their hind legs and wrestling like two men. This anecdote he declared was absolutely true.

This reminded Nazaire of another story about Dalbec :

Dalbec was in the woods making maple sugar, when he saw a bear coming round as if bent on mischief. Having no gun Dalbec crawled under an empty hogshead (such as are often used to hold the sap as it is collected). The bear came smelling up, trying to find a way to get in. At the right moment Dalbec reached his hand through the bung-hole and seized him by the tail. The bear started off on a run down the hill, dragging the hogshead after him with Dalbec inside of it. They came to a lot of fallen timber, where the hogshead stuck, but Dalbec held on till the tail came out and the bear escaped.

The fact that the bear has no tail of which a person could take hold does not affect the truth of this story.

What on this special occasion interested me more than the stories themselves, was Nazaire's account of how Dalbec, who was a real personage and a great hunter, and another hunter, equally celebrated and his special rival, would get a crowd of people about them on Sundays after vespers were over and tell their wonderful yarns with perfect sobriety, neither of them questioning a word of anything that the other might say, but occasionally putting in a word of assent, such as "*c'etait bien fait*" (that was well done) or "*c'est bien vrai*" (that is quite true), and then going on to tell something still more surprising himself.

Such a picture can readily be imagined by those familiar with the scenes about the church doors on a pleasant Sunday after the services of the day are finished. The rest of the day is given up to social entertainments of a quiet character and to moderate recreations—music, card-playing, and the like.

Dancing on Sundays was never allowed in Canada, nor are loud and boisterous assemblies permitted. Political meetings, however, are usually held on Sundays. Trotting horses is not particularly objected to, nor is driving about on any business errand; but all labor is generally suspended quite as much as in any New England village.

I was very much amused not very long ago when I was speaking of this story of Dalbec to some people at a place where we were calling. One of the women about the house overheard it and remarked, "That story about Dalbec is not true. I knew those Dalbecs and I should have heard of it." She thought the stories had been told as facts.

On the occasion I have mentioned our surveyor was not to be outdone by any story-teller, and told with a solemnity worthy of Dalbec himself an incident that he said happened to himself:

He was walking in the woods, he said, on a narrow path, when he met a bear face to face. Every one knows how quickly a bear can turn around. The bear rose on his hind feet just at the instant the surveyor fired at him, and so quickly did he turn that the course of the ball going through his body was changed and it came out and struck the surveyor on the shin.

Then came another story about Dalbec:

He had been ploughing one day and at night just as he was going to put his horse in the barn he heard a flock of wild geese in the air over his head. He went into the house and got his gun, but it was so dark he could see nothing. Still hearing the noise he fired in the direction from which it came. As no birds fell he concluded he had missed them, so he went into the house, ate his supper and went to bed. In the morning he was going for his horse again when just as he was stepping out of doors a goose fell at his feet. It was one of those he had shot at and it had been so high up it had been all night in falling.

And still another:

It was the morning of the "*Toussaint*" (All Saints' Day) that Dalbec had gone out early, shooting. He had expended all his ammunition and was returning home when he saw a flock of wild ducks swimming about among the timbers of a raft that had gone ashore at the mouth of the river. The water was cold, but Dalbec went into it up to his neck and waded round until he could reach under

the logs and get hold of the legs of a duck. When he caught one he pulled it quickly under the water and fastened it to his belt. In this way he secured about a dozen. All of a sudden he felt a commotion, and before he knew what was happening he found himself raised into the air and carried off. A strong northeasterly gale was blowing and away he went up the St. Lawrence. Just as he passed the church at St. Anne he heard the first bell of the mass sound, and he wished he had stayed at home instead of going shooting. At the rate at which he was going he had not much time to think; but presently he realized that something had got to be done. He reached down and twisted the neck of one of the ducks. That let him down a little and he twisted another. So he kept on until, when he had done with them all, he found himself dropped on the ground in front of the church at Sorel, and heard the second bell of the mass. He had been carried seventy-five miles up the river in just half an hour.

After a round of stories like these there would be a call for a "*conte*," started by one and echoed by all the rest. The men would gather round, forming groups that I have many times vainly wished and quite as vainly tried to sketch, and after a proper show of reluctance and the corresponding amount of persuasion, Nazaire would begin with the "*Tiens-bon-là*," following it up with "*L'histoire de mon petit défunt frère Louizon.*"

A good story-teller like Nazaire is always a welcome visitor at a lumberman's camp. As few of the men can read they are glad of someone who can entertain them. They talk incessantly, but the range of conversation is limited, and they no doubt get tired of hearing each other's personal achievements and adventures, which are their principal subjects.

I have heard a good raconteur go on two hours with one of his stories, and there are some stories that occupy two evenings in the telling. They are mostly fairy stories in which there is almost always a "*jeune prince*" and a "*jeune princesse.*" Where they come from in general

I do not know, but a few are from the "Thousand and One Nights." A great many probably have never been printed, but handed down in traditions. Some, such as the flight of Dalbec, seem like localized versions of old, widely distributed tales.

I will try to give from my recollection a rude translation of "The Tiens-bon-là" as a specimen:

There was once a curé who was in love with a baker's wife. He tried in various ways to get rid of the baker, but without success.

They lived in the capital of the kingdom, where the king resided. Now in front of the king's palace was a great lake of more than twelve thousand acres. One morning the curé went to the palace and knocked at the door. When the king came out he said to him, "Sire, mon Roi, there is a man in the city who boasts that in less than twice twenty-four hours he can change this lake into a beautiful meadow, covered with grass that would give hay enough for all your majesty's horses, and would be for the great advantage of the crown." Then the king said "Who is this man?" The curé answered, "He is no less than the baker who furnishes your majesty with bread," so the king said "I will send for him."

The curé went away and the king sent a letter to the baker saying that he wanted to see him. The baker thought he was to get his pay for the bread he had provided for the king and all his servants and soldiers. So he was very glad and went quickly to the palace and knocked at the door. When the king came out he asked what was wanted of him. The king answered that he had heard that he had boasted that in less than twice twenty-four hours he could change all that lake into a beautiful meadow, covered with grass and clover that would feed all the king's horses, and would be a great advantage to the crown. Now, unless within twice twenty-four hours the lake was changed into a meadow the baker should be hung before the door of the palace.

Then the king turned away and the baker went out discouraged, for he did not know what to do. He walked off into the woods and sat down on a log to weep. After a long time an old woman came and asked what was the matter. He said he was very miserable for he was going to be hanged in twice twenty-four hours. The king had commanded him to change all that lake into a meadow, covered with grass and clover, and he was not able to do it. Now

this old woman was a fairy (*Il-y-avait des Fées dans ce temps là*) and when he had done speaking she told him not to be troubled but to go to sleep. So he went to sleep, and when he had slept an hour he was awakened by the smell of hay, and when he looked about him he saw that the lake was all gone and that there was only a river that ran through the middle of a beautiful meadow. Then the fairy told him to go to the king and show him what he had done. He went to the palace and when he came near he saw the king looking out of the window at the meadow, and all the men and horses at work making hay. He knocked at the door, and when the king came down stairs he asked him if he was satisfied. The king said he was not satisfied, because the river had been left running through the middle of the meadow. The baker told the king that the river had been left for the convenience of the animals and to help in making hay, because there was so much of it that all the horses in the kingdom could not draw it, and it would have to be brought in boats. Then the king was satisfied, and sent the baker away.

Soon the curé came again and the king showed him the meadow and the men and women and horses making hay. The curé was much surprised to see all this, but he did not say so, and went on to tell the king that he had no doubt the baker could do a great deal more than that, for he had boasted that he could make a "tiens-bon-là" for the king that would be worth a great deal more than the meadow and would be a great advantage to the crown. "What is a 'tiens-bon-là?'" asked the king. "I do not know," answered the priest; "but the baker said he could make one." "I will send for him," said the king. So he wrote to the baker, who was just making his bread. When he had put it into the oven he went to the palace and knocked again and the king came to the door. The king said "I have heard that you boasted that you can make a 'tiens-bon-là' that would be worth more than the meadow, and a great advantage to the crown. Now you shall go home and make it, and unless you bring it to me in twice twenty-four hours you shall be hanged before the palace gate." The baker asked "What is a 'tiens-bon-là?'" The king replied that he did not know, but that he must have one within twice twenty-four hours. Then he went into his palace again. The poor baker went away more disconsolate than before. He had no idea what a "tiens-bon-là" was; but yet he would be hanged unless he made one within twice twenty-four hours. He went out into the forest again and sat down on the same log that he sat on

before. He cried as hard as he could. When he had cried himself to sleep the fairy came again and waked him up and asked him what was the matter. He told her that he should certainly be hanged this time for he had been ordered to make a "tiens-bon-là" for the king and he did not know what it was. Then the fairy said, "It is only that wicked priest who is in love with your wife and wants to get rid of you. You must do what I tell you and the priest shall be punished, and we will make a "tiens-bon-là" that will satisfy the king. Go to your house and tell your wife that you are commanded to make a "tiens-bon-là" for the king and you have nothing to make it of. So you must tell her that you must go away for two days to buy some iron, leather, wood and cloth to make it of. Tell her to put two days' provisions in a bag for you, and when she has them all ready you will go to your room and take the latch off the window. Then you will say good-bye to your wife and walk about the city until it is dark. As soon as you are gone your wife will send for the curé and invite him to supper. After it is dark you will come back to your house and get in at the window and hide yourself under the bed. Now a priest will not eat without first washing his hands. When he comes your wife will send him into the room to wash, and when he takes hold of the wash-basin you will cry out "tiens-bon-là." Take this wand that I will give you and wave it over anything and when you cry "tiens-bon-là" it will hold fast whatever it touches."

The baker did as the fairy had told him, and his wife was very glad to learn that he was going away; and she packed up a large bag of provisions and sent him off.

When he was gone she sent a note to the curé and told him that her husband was gone away for two days and she would like to have him come to supper. The baker walked around the city until it was dark, and then came back and hid himself under the bed. His wife told the servant to set the table and prepare a nice supper, and then she went to get ready to receive the priest. But the priest came before she was ready, and she had to make excuses to him and say "Oh M. le Curé, I did not expect you so soon. I am not dressed for supper." So she showed him into another room and said she would be ready almost as soon as he had washed his hands. There was some water that was not very clean in the wash-basin and when the priest took hold of the basin to throw the water out the baker, who was under the bed, cried ont "tiens-bon-là," and

the priest's hands stuck to the basin so that he could not let go. He called out to the servant to come and help him, but she was busy about the supper and did not hear him. So then he cried out as loud as he could, "Madame, Madame!" When the baker's wife heard him she was dreadfully frightened and ran in, half dressed as she was, to see what was the matter. When she found the curé stuck to the wash-stand, which was very large and heavy, she took hold of him with both hands to pull him away. Then her husband cried out from under the bed "tiens-bon-là," and the wife could not let go of the priest. Then the baker went out and called some of his friends and they ate the supper and drank the wine that had been prepared for the curé, who was stuck to the wash-stand, and the wife, who could not let go of the priest.

When morning came the baker took the wand that the fairy had given him and told his wife and the priest that if they wanted to get loose they must do as he told them. He made them go out into the street and started them towards the king's palace.

As soon as they all came out into the light the baker saw that there was a hole in his wife's petticoat, so he pulled some grass and twisted it into a wisp and filled up the hole. Presently they came to a cow that was feeding by the side of the road. There was not much grass there and the cow was hungry, so when she saw the wisp of grass she started to eat it; but the baker waved his wand and cried "tiens-bon-là" and the cow's teeth stuck in the grass. They all went along till they came to a field where there was a bull. When the bull saw the cow he jumped over the fence to see where she was going. The cow gave him a switch with her tail across his eyes, the baker cried "tiens-bon-là," and the bull went along with the rest. When the old woman who owned the cow saw her going off in this manner she was very angry and ran out with the wooden shovel that she was using to put bread into the oven with to beat the bull and drive him away; but the baker cried out "tiens-bon-là" again and so the shovel stuck to the bull's rump and the old woman could not let go of the shovel. The farmer to whom the bull belonged was quite lame, and limped along with a stick. He could not go very fast, but he went as well as he could to see what the old woman was beating his bull for. When he came up he took hold of the woman's dress to pull her away, but the baker cried out again and the lame farmer had to go with the others.

So they all went to the king's palace,—the curé with the wash-

basin, the woman holding on to the curé, the cow trying to eat the wisp of hay, the bull and the old woman with her shovel, and the lame farmer with his stick. The baker knocked at the door, and when the king opened it he said "O, my king, you commanded a 'tiens-bon-là' and I have brought you one, the best that was ever made. If your majesty will be pleased to try it I hope your majesty will be content." The king took hold of the basin to take it away from the priest, the baker cried "tiens-bon-là" again, and the king was held as fast as the others. He tried hard to get away but the "tiens-bon-là" was good and would not let go.

Then the king asked the baker what he should give to be let off. After a long time the baker said he would let him go if the king would give him forty thousand pounds a year to himself and each of his fifteen children. The king consented, but the baker said he must have a deed made by a notary. So they sent for the notary and the deed was made, and the king signed it on the wash-basin. The baker waved his wand backwards, the "tiens-bon-là" was broken and they all went away.

To me, one of the charms of Nazaire's story-telling is the way in which he mixes up the modern with the mythical, the possible with the absurd. In this he excels any story-teller I have ever heard. Thackery himself was hardly more delightful in this respect, in the apparent unconsciousness of any inconsistency.

For instance, in one of Nazaire's stories of an enchanted princess, of which there are in French as in other languages a great many, the princess's deliverer, Petit Jean, finds in the enchanted palace a table spread with smoking hot viands among which were boiled pork, sausages and other delicacies dear to the Canadians. The liquors were whiskey and rum, the latter being the best real Old Jamacia. In a larger and grander hall was a still superior table which furnished not only these but patés and black puddings, with wines and brandies, the latter being the best French brandy, the real article, *première qualité, la meilleure importation.*

In the stable were horses and carriages in great numbers, a "*beau petit buggy*" being among the vehicles.

The giants that were besieging the castle tell Petit Jean that the only vulnerable place in the eagle that guards it is only "*gros comme un dix cents,*" or no bigger than a ten cent piece. When Petit Jean has shot off the giant's nose he sticks it on again with a piece of s-t-i-c-k-i-n-g-p-l-a-s-t-e-r. To hear Nazaire say s-t-i-c-k-i-n-g-p-l-a-s-t-e-r is enough to set any company in a roar.

When Petit Jean is asked to take a drink, he replies "*Je prendrai bien un petit coup, en effet,*" precisely the words that the Canadian habitant might use under similar circumstances, and about equivalent to the "I don't care if I do" of one to whom such an invitation is not at all unwelcome.

The game of cards that the giants are playing is a popular Canadian game, something like "old sledge."

If one doubts whether ten cent pieces were common in fairy times, whether giants used sticking-plaster for their wounds, and whether real old Jamaica rum and the best quality of French brandy were imported for the use of deliverers of enchanted princesses, all we need say is that this history of Petit Jean furnishes the most authentic evidence possible on these points.

Conte de "Mon petit défunt frère Louizon."

Si vous voulez que je vous conte une histoire de mon petit défunt frère Louizon, je vous en conterai une.

Chez mon pauvre père nous étions sept garçons. Nous n'avions rien de quoi manger, c'était bien de valeur.

Un jour mon petit défunt frère Louizon se mit á nous dire que si nous avions chacun un beau petit canot, avec lignage à proportion, peut-être que l'on pendrait quelques gros poissons qui soulageraient bien la maison.

Si dit si fait. On s'enfuit chez notre pauvre père pour faire une composition.

Notre pauvre père par l'effet de sa bonté nous sacrifiait la moitié de ses biens pour nous avoir chacun un beau petit canot avec lignage a proportion, pour aller prendre le plus beau poisson qu'il y avait dans la mer. Il les sacrifiait bien, il n'avait rien en tout.

Quand nous avions nos charmants petits canots nous allions sur la mer. Ça allait pas vite, cependant ça allait toujours un petit brin. On voyait venir une grosse barbue. Ça venait pas vite, cependant ça venait toujours un peu. Ça commencait a mordre. Ça mordait pas vite, cependant ça mordait toujours un petit brin.

Quand on la voyait un peu prise c'était. "Halle garçon, Tire garçon, garçon tire." Mes chers amis nous avions pris une belle barbue quatorze pieds entre les deux yeux. Mesdames, de la peau mon pauvre père, qui était un homme robuste, s'est fait un capot avec capuchon, tablier, cordes de soulier, cordes de couette—on ne parle pas de ça a présent, mais dans ce temps là, c'était la grande façon—corde de fleau, chope de fleau; parce que mon père était un pauvre homme qui n'avait rien de quoi battre, ça nous a bien passé l'hiver.

Mon pauvre père gardait les cornees des yeux pour se faire des raquettes.

C'est alors que mon pauvre père nous a défendu la pèche. Il a dit: "Mes chers petit enfants, vous ne pècherez plus. Vous pourriez prendre quelques gros esturgeons qui vous enmenerait tous au fond. O-u-i."

Mais quand nous avions fini de manger notre grosse barbue nous n'avions plus rien toujours.

Un jour mon petit défunt frère Louizon se met à nous dire que si nous avions chacun un charmant beau petit fusil avec ammunitions à proportion, peut être que l'on tuerait quelques perdrix ou quelques lièvres, qui soulageraient bien la maison. Si dit si fait. On s'enfuit chez mon pauvre père pour faire une composition. Notre pauvre père par l'effet de sa bonté sacrifiait le reste de son bien pour nous achèter chacun un beau petit fusil avec ammunition à proportion pour tuer le plus beau gibier qu'il y avait dans la forèt.

Il le sacrifiait bien par ce qu'il n'avait rien eu de sa vie.

Quand nous avions nos charmants beaux petits fusils par malheur nous ètions trop jeunes pour les bander. Notre pauvre père s'est mis a les bander. Il les bandait pas vite, cependant il les bandait toujours un peu. Il les bandait tous les sept, chacun pour huit jours.

Quand nous avions nos charmants beaux petits fusils nous allions

dans les foréts. Imaginez vous donc le carnaval que nous avons fait. Nous avons fait rencontre d'une vieille sorcière.

Mes chers amis, elle avait quatorze pieds entre les deux épaules. Elle nous a pris tous les sept sous les bras et nous a promenés huit jours dans les foréts. On voyait venir en beau chevreuil. Il ne venait pas vite, cependant il venait toujours un peu. Mon petit défunt frère Louizon, si souple et si manigance de son corps, lache son coup. Nous n'avions pas encore eu le temps de nous délivrer de notre vieille sorcière.

Mes chers amis, nous avions tué le plus beau chevreuil, quatorze pieds de panage. Nous prenions un gros morceau dans la tête, ça ne paraissait pas beaucoup dans le coté. Quand nous avions pris notre charge on s'enfuit au bord du bois. Le bord du bois n'etait pas loin, c'etait tout autour de la maison.

Nous avons trouvé notre pauvre père bien malade. Nous l'avons pris bras dessus bras dessous, nous l'avons liché tout autour. C'est là que mon petit défunt frère Louizon a attrappé une échauffaison, a licher notre pauvre père. Il en est mort.

C'est bien triste.

In Canadian story-telling there is a universal tendency to exaggeration that the listener soon learns to take into account. It is not the picturesque extravagance of expression that often lends such vigorous flavor to the tales of western frontiersmen, but simply exaggeration pure and simple. I do not look on it as deliberate falsification, but only as coming from the habitual inclination of a narrator to make the most he can out of his story.

Nazaire is fond of comparing our appetites in camp to that of the man (whose name and residence he gives) who was in the habit of eating a six-pound loaf of bread at noon while waiting for his dinner. He lived to be 105 years old, but is supposed to have died from having eaten at one meal three pan-cakes of the full size of a large frying pan and an inch thick, with an immense piece of fat pork imbedded in each.

Reading an account of a western cyclone, I mentioned

to Nazaire its effects. He immediately told me of one that passed over the parish of St. Stanislas some years ago. It blew all the water out of the Batiscan river and scattered the fishes over the country for a distance of two miles. It rolled a pine log up a steep hill, tore the skin off a sheep and lodged it in a spruce tree some miles away. Worse than that, it blew off, turned wrong side out and twisted up the tire of a cart-wheel that had been left at the blacksmith's shop to be repaired. He mentioned several other exploits that I have forgotten. When I had incautiously questioned the accuracy of the report about the cart-wheel he grew quite indignant, and declared that a certain curé was still living who could vouch for the truth of the story. I thought that if I were going to believe it at all I would as soon believe it on Nazaire's word as on the curé's, so I decided not to ask for this confirmation.

I consider Nazaire as truthful a Canadian as I ever knew, but I notice that his recollections of the size and number of the fish we have caught, the mountains we have climbed, the hardships we have endured and the hair-breadth escapes we have had, are not only more precise than mine, but differ from them in many other respects. He can give a thousand details that I have quite forgotten. When he tells these stories I merely compliment him on his good memory. I would not be so impolite as to question his exactness.

The reader will by this time have learned that Nazaire is much more to me and my family than an ordinary employé. He is an excellent specimen of a medium class of farmers and woodsmen, for, like many others, he combines the two occupations.

In the early fifties, in the vigor of youth and strength, he went to California via Panama, remaining there about three years. His experience on the voyage and while

there would be, even with frills and embroidery trimmed off, well worth printing. Had he been able to read and write, with his intelligence, sobriety and readiness to work at anything that was honest he might, in those times, soon have grown rich. He worked little at gold-digging, but took jobs and wages from others, and what was more, he saved most of his earnings. Toward the end of three years, although he was gaining more than he ever had done before, he got homesick, which is not surprising, seeing that he had left his young wife behind him. He brought home enough to pay what he had borrowed for his outfit and have three thousand dollars left with which to buy a farm and stock. Having got the farm into running order he went to work in the woods, exploring in the summer and fall, making logs in the winter and driving them in the spring. I had occasion once to employ him, and he has stood by me ever since. He loves the woods as a sailor loves the sea. A common expression between us is "*le bois est beau*" (the woods are beautiful), and this no matter what the weather may be. In summer or winter, sunshine or storm, rain or snow, *le bois est toujours beau*. Of late years, when our duties have led us to where there were no comfortable camps near at hand, we have taken a tent and a small sheet-iron stove and camped wherever we liked. These, with our blankets and the few provisions necessary, could easily be drawn on a toboggan. Camping in a tent in mid-winter in a Canadian forest does not sound like anything very attractive, but it is one of the joys of life to Nazaire and me. When our day's work is done, the tent set up, wood all in, and our little stove glowing, supper eaten, pipes lighted, and we lie down on our luxurious bed of branches, our invariable remark is "*Il-y-en a bien qui sont plus mal que nous autres*" (there are a great many people worse off than we are).

It is not only to Nazaire and me that the woods are beautiful. The following lines were written for insertion in our Camp Register:

LE BOIS EST TOUJOURS BEAU.

(*The woods are always beautiful.*)

'Tis Spring, the earth in all its veins
Feels quickened currents flow,
Like tracery on storied panes,
The boughs are all a-blow;
Then come, let's go,
"Le bois est toujours beau."

Midsummer comes with scorching heat,
The deepest thickets glow,
The earth is parched beneath our feet,
The dry brooks cease to flow;
But come, let's go,
"Le bois est toujours beau."

'Tis Autumn, ripening red and gold
In all the tree-tops show,
With rain is soaked the spongy mold,
Keen blasts the dead leaves strow;
Yet come, let's go,
"Le bois est toujours beau."

'Tis Winter, thicker on the lakes
Their frozen fetters grow,
The myriad life that summer wakes
Is buried deep in snow;
Still come, let's go,
"Le bois est toujours beau."

J. B. GREENOUGH.

One especially tempestuous afternoon we greatly surprised an old habitant by declining the shelter of his house and setting up our tent a mile away in the woods. He came to see us the next morning, half expecting to find us

dead, instead of which we were just eating an unusually good breakfast, and were as happy as lords.

Much as I like Nazaire myself, my family outdoes me. On the rare occasions when he comes to our house my two girls, who were little things in short dresses when he first began to tie their snowshoes, bait their hooks, take off their fish, and generally make their paths smooth when they went on little excursions to our camp with me, still rush to the door to be the first to greet him, and generally make much of him till he beams all over with delight. My wife, who, thanks to the delicious air of Canada, is no longer an invalid, seeing him coming, cries out, "Why, here is dear old Nazaire!" and is not far behind the girls. She has of late been able to go sometimes to the camp, where he is always her constant and devoted attendant.

Nazaire's friend and crony, Damase (twelve or fifteen years younger than he), is another good typical specimen, although much more woodsman and hunter than farmer. It is pleasant to see the two together. Nazaire uses the familiar "*tu*" in their conversation, but Damase always says "*vous*" to Nazaire.

I think there must be a strain of Indian blood in Damase, perhaps very remote, but still there. His cheek bones suggest it and there are other indications as well. Distances on foot are nothing to him, or if he counts them at all it is by time and not by miles. He can omit several meals without inconvenience, making up for them afterwards. He is not like Nazaire, always wishing to be occupied, but is quite willing to wait or sleep till the time comes when something is to be done. He knows the habitat and habits of every beast in the forest and every fish in the streams. Besides being a most expert woodsman, almost always employed at good wages, he usually manages to add a hundred dollars or so to his winter's earnings by

hunting and trapping. He is ordinarily as taciturn as Nazaire is loquacious. If any ugly bit of work is to be done Nazaire is careful and prudent, taking all necessary precautions against accidents, but Damase goes at it headlong, trusting to his bravery and his unequaled nerve to carry him through. He is a splendid canoeman in some respects, but somewhat reckless, often shooting rapids that greater experts than he would shrink from. Consequently he meets many mishaps, though rarely serious ones.

But it is on the "drive" that he is greatest, and many are the stories told of his daring exploits. Unlike most Canadians, he leaves the telling of his adventures to others, rarely speaking of them himself.

On the very edge of the perpendicular cliff that I have already mentioned, which is there about three hundred feet high, and where, some fifty years ago, fire consumed almost everything near it, stands a lofty dead pine tree without a branch until near the very top. The men tell how Damase once climbed to the highest branch where he could look far up the lake and see if his logs were coming all right. Very few men would wish to attempt such a feat.

Part V

THE CHURCH

THE CHURCH

THE parish church is naturally the centre of parish activities. Most of the industries of the people group themselves closely around it. It is built by a tax levied on the real property of all Roman Catholics in the parish, collectable by the usual processes of law. Those who wish a church to be built petition the Bishop, and the decision whether one shall be built rests entirely with him.

Usually the grandeur and costliness of a church bear reasonable relation to the wealth of the parish. Occasionally, however, the necessary tax becomes so heavy as seriously to affect the value of all real estate subject to it and to lay heavy burdens on the people.

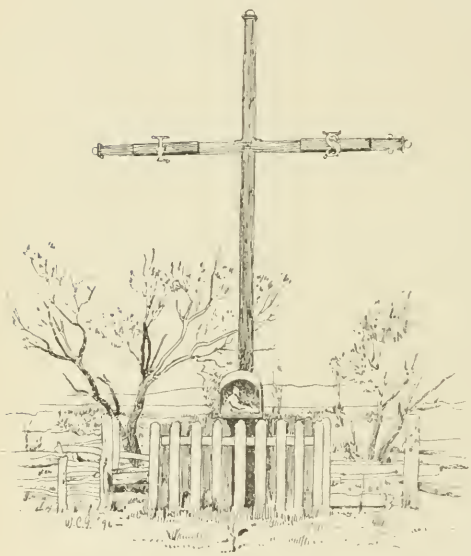
The revenues of the Church are administered by the "Fabrique," which consists of the church wardens, of whom three have direction of ordinary affairs. The senior in service of these three retires at the end of a year, the next in service taking his place, and one new warden is chosen annually. The retiring officer does not cease to be a warden but is still a part of the "Fabrique," and in important matters has a voice and a vote. The curé is ex-officio president of the "Fabrique." In some parishes only the active and past wardens are entitled to vote in the election of a new warden, but in most parishes all householding parishioners may vote. Some parishes have no wardens, all affairs being conducted by the Bishop, either directly or through the curé. Similar powers of administration are also sometimes exercised by a religious community.

The revenues of priests are derived from a tithe of the grain raised, the payment by those who raise no grain of

a small sum, say 50c per annum, by or for each communicant (including children after they have made their first communion), masses said for the dead or in behalf of the living, marriage fees, funeral services, and the like.

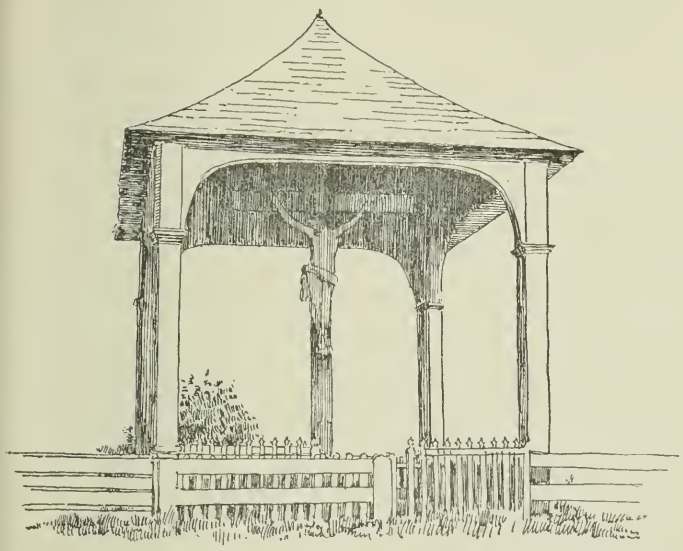
For these services a regular scale of prices is fixed. The usual fee for a simple marriage is one dollar. Such marriages also ordinarily take place in the morning, for the convenience of the priest and his daily mass.

Marriages between relatives are a source of considerable revenue to the Church, although not to the parish priest. For these, special dispensations must be had, the cost depending on the degree of consanguinity and perhaps in part on the standing and wealth of the parties. Entirely unsuspected relationships suddenly discovered on the eve of a marriage ceremony have been known to cause considerable embarrassment and hurried visits to the Bishop. In a case where relationship was discovered after the marriage the priest demanded that a dispensation should be obtained and that the parties should be married over again. The man refused, saying that if the first ceremony was not valid the woman might go back to her father. Of course he was soon compelled to submit. In another case, where a widower had been several years married to a widow, it



was discovered that the man had been godfather to one of the children by the first marriage. It was claimed that this fact invalidated the subsequent marriage, and that a dispensation must be obtained and a new marriage performed. (This contention, I believe, was not maintained.)

The numerous way-side crosses always interest travelers from countries where such things are not common. They



are found on all country roads, and are more or less elaborate, according to the devotion and wealth of those who erect them,—perhaps a single person, a family, or a number of neighbors. A full-sized figure carved in wood of Christ on the cross is not rare. This is called a "*calvaire*" and is usually neatly enclosed by a fence and roofed over. Occasionally more pretentious emblems may be met, as of Christ and the two thieves. Permission to photograph one of these, asked from the family near whose house it stood,

was not only given readily, but the women of the family volunteered to go out and pose themselves before it, to suit the photographer. The utter nonchalance of the offer and absence of any devotional sentiment about it was striking.

Funerals add much to the revenue of the church, and are costly on a rapidly rising scale in proportion to the amount of ceremonial. The fees for a very simple service may be from ten to twenty dollars, and for a more elaborate one may easily be carried up to hundreds. These expensive ceremonies, however, are rare in country parishes, although common in cities. The habitant's funeral is usually of an humble character, and takes place at an early hour in the morning, for the same reason as marriages.

Apart from tithes and those sources of income which belong to the curé personally, the revenues are mainly devoted to the embellishment of the church and similar objects when once the church is built and paid for.

The priests are not all bound to poverty. The curé of a prosperous parish may become a very wealthy man. He will probably leave part of his property for religious objects, but his relatives will expect to share in it.

It is claimed that the requirements of the Church are much more onerous and its regulations more stringent than formerly. It has recently been ordered that women shall not sing in church choirs. One curé tries to prevent young people of different sexes from walking to church together. Another is especially severe on dancing, but it has been found when they get out of his sight his parishioners are disposed to dance quite as long as a fiddler will play. Dancing is permitted at weddings and on ceremonious occasions, but is looked upon with strong disfavor by most of the clergy. In other respects the demands of the Church are said to have become heavier. There is much difference between priests in all such matters as these,

some being extremely rigid while others are moderately liberal. The general tendency appears to me to be towards greater strictness, but I can only judge from what I hear spoken of among the people.

Mixed marriages are strongly objected to, and are not considered as sacraments, like those between Roman Catholics. They are legal marriages, but the Church "neither blesses nor curses them"; they are allowed to be treated as civil contracts only. Formerly children of such marriages were allowed to be brought up in the faith of the parent of the same sex; now it must be agreed that all the children shall be brought up Roman Catholics.

Pope Pius IX was once reported to have said that the French Canadians were the most submissive in matters of faith of any catholics in the world; but that on some other matters they brought more questions before him than others. These disputes probably related to jurisdiction and the like between the higher clergy, or to quarrels of a more or less secular character between priests and people.

No fee is paid to the priest for christenings, but if the bell is rung the beadle is paid for ringing it. The ringing of the bell is an act of worship, and is seldom omitted.

Some of the names given to boys seem strange to us, and we often wonder where the parents found them, for these uncommon names are not usually hereditary in families. Often such a name is that of the saint whose festival occurs on the birthday of the child, as shown on the calendar for the year, issued on a large sheet under the supervision of the ecclesiastical authorities. We have near us such names as Adjutor, Clovis, Gaudiase, Hermenegilde, Hermidas, etc. The names of girls are ordinarily less striking than those of boys, although some of them are rather peculiar.

The clergy tell me that the common idea that every boy

is christened "Joseph" and every girl "Marie" is not correct. It is enough if the child has the name of some patron saint. As these two are the most venerated names they are the ones most frequently given. But the people, my friends the habitants, still insist that they are right, and that even if the name does not always go into the priest's register (as it certainly does not), the child has it all the same. The only way in which I can reconcile these different ideas is on the principle that, as St. Joseph is the religious patron of all French Canadians, the boy is assumed to have his name whether it is specially mentioned or not. And similarly every girl has the name "Marie."

In 1624 St. Joseph was solemnly chosen and installed, with all the ceremony possible at that time, *religious* patron of all Canada. The choice of St. Jean Baptiste as the *national* patron was only made in the present century.

The founders of the Ursuline Communitie consecrated themselves and all the results of their labors in Canada to the Holy Family before their departure from France.

All churches are dedicated to some saint: to St. Anne, to St. Joseph, and many to the Virgin in some one of her manifestations, as "of the Incarnation," "of the Assumption," "of Sorrows," etc.

The word *dit* (called) so often seen in connection with proper names, as Théophile Langlois *dit* Bernard, may happen to be used for a variety of reasons. When a family name follows the *dit* it is often because of a second marriage of the mother when her child is known and brought up under the name of its stepfather. When a baptismal name follows *dit* it is merely to distinguish one person from another. In this case Théophile Langlois was always called by us Théophile Bernard, because his father's Christian name was Bernard. In notarial documents the name would most probably be written "Théo-

phile Langlois *dit* Bernard," for his more certain identification. Notaries are habitually very careful in respect to identifying their clients. We have also here Isidore Noël and Aimé Noël, brothers, sons of Noël Frenette, there being several families of Frenettes in this and neighboring parishes. If, in conversation, a person should speak of Isidore Frenette he might be asked what Isidore was referred to and might reply "Isidore *à* Noël," although in familiar speech the *à* would be omitted. In some places the method of identification is carried still further. Thus we have Felix *à* (son of) Samuel *à* (son of) Joseph-Ignace Gignac (the *à* between Joseph and Ignase omitted for euphony), and Hilare *à* Joseph *à* Henri *à* Pierre Vachon.

Sobriquets are very common, not altogether as nicknames, although they often mark some personal peculiarity, but merely to distinguish one person from another.

The priests that I have met I have found generally to be educated and cultivated men, some of course much more so than others. I judge that the extremes of culture and education would be hardly as great as among the clergy of New England. The facilities for education for the priesthood are good, and easily and cheaply obtained. A certain amount of education is absolutely requisite, and a man cannot preach and exhort merely because he feels moved to do so, as he might in some sects in the States. He must be duly authorized. But neither on the other hand can the priest attain to the vigor and independence

NOTE.—In many families of some distinction ancestral names are carefully preserved here as elsewhere, and the whole name becomes a long one, as in the case of an old acquaintance of mine (Peace to his ashes!) whose name was Charles Joseph Louis Alexander Fleury de la Gorgendière. In the course of time, however, the capital G had been dropped and the name as used became Lagorgendière. The family name of Fleury was retained. Similarly La Cheviotière became Lacheviotière, d'Eschambault, Deschambault, etc.

of thought of the less fettered minister; nor indeed are these qualities called for in the ordinary parish priest. When a course of preaching is desired the services of a priest of an order that makes preaching its specialty are secured.

The priests come from and are of the people. Any young man may aspire to the priesthood; and if he aspires to it he is encouraged and aided to reach it. His parents will be proud to have one of their sons become a priest, and if poor will often deprive themselves of luxuries and even of comforts in order to help him. He is assured of position and support, and credit is likewise reflected on themselves, for unless the young man shows a clean family record he will not be admitted to the order. A whole parish sometimes takes an interest in having one of its children received. I remember once when passing through a village I found it decorated with flags and evergreens. Inquiring the reason I was informed that it was because a young man of the parish was that day to be made a priest.

All the curés are removable at the discretion of their Bishop, except one in Montreal and one in Quebec. This power of removal was one for which Laval, the first Bishop, fought long and hard.

The Canadian is strongly attached to his religion and gives attention to its observances whether he abides by its moral precepts or not. In the elegance of his parish church the habitant takes great pride. The feast days of the Church are the dates from which he reckons. He may not be able to tell you the month in which anything occurred, but he will say whether it happened before or after *Les Fêtes* (Christmas holidays), *Pâques* (Easter), *La Toussaint* (All Saints' Day), or other festival. There are not very many of these festivals whose observance is positively obligatory, but there are many others that are

more or less strictly observed, sometimes much to the annoyance of the people who pay no attention to them and find their business or pleasures interrupted by them.

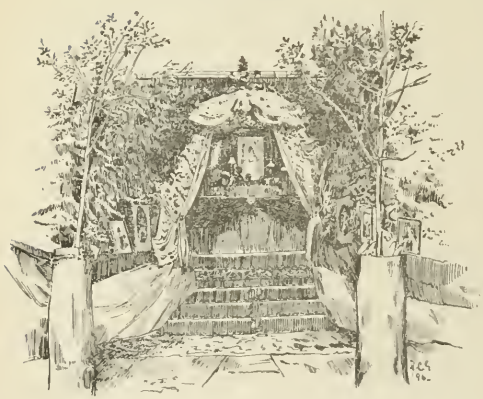
One may sometimes find himself in a parish where a "*retraite*" (retreat) is in order. This lasts nine days, during which nearly the whole time is given up to religious exercises. Retreats are, however, rare. I remember only two in our parish in the last nine years. The devotions known as "*les quarante heures*" (the forty hours) are

held annually. Very little except strictly necessary work is done during this time, and attendance at church is general.

In this Province there are now no general religious ceremonies held out of doors except that of *Corpus Christi*, which is celebrated here as in all Roman Catholic countries by open air processions when the weather will permit. In the cities the processions are larger and more gorgeous, but they lack the simple picturesqueness of those of country parishes. In these the route of the procession is thickly bordered with "*balizes*," on which are hung

showy decorations of all descriptions,—strips of cloth of various colors, quilts, carpeting, curtains, table-cloths and the like. Arches of evergreens are built and ornamented with pictures, mottoes, and flags. At intervals small private altars, called "*Reposoirs*," are erected under structures of evergreens and decorated with flowers (usually of paper), crosses and religious emblems, pictures, etc. The road is swept clean and sprinkled with fresh sawdust. In the vicinity of "*Reposoirs*" at least, lines of carpeting are laid down.

Issuing from the church the procession takes up its route, the priest in his most showy robes bearing the Host, walking under a gorgeous canopy carried by four men, preceded by the choir in their surplices singing canticles, others bearing banners, and by two boys swinging censers of burning incense; then follow the little girls and the maidens, dressed in white, and the boys in dark clothes, all carrying flags. The women on one side of the road and the men on the other, in double files, complete the procession. Arrived before one of these "*Reposoirs*," all devoutly kneel while the priest recites the appropriate prayers. The procession re-forms and proceeds to another altar, returning to the church in the same order. The whole ceremony lasts from half to three-quarters of an hour. As soon as the procession's back is turned the women who have remained at home make haste to remove their portable property from the altars and road, and in five minutes there is little besides the "*balizes*" and



the unusually clean street to tell of the ceremonies performed.

The condition of the priest has changed very much more than his character. With the exception of a few missionaries the priests are not now obliged to make long and arduous journeys, to endure the extremest hardships and even to suffer martyrdom for their Church, as in former times. We have no reason to think, however, that the priest of to-day would shrink from these if they were necessary any more than did his predecessors. The fervor of Jesuit zeal has perhaps in a measure subsided, but the early Fathers of that order impressed their principles so deeply and strongly on the Canadian Church and clergy that their influence is felt to this day. Their power and activity were always very great at Quebec. Quarrels between them and the governors of the colony were almost incessant, each accusing the other of trickery and doubledealing. Doubtless both were correct. Some of the governors and other officials were far from being models of punctilious honesty, while the ambition of the Jesuits was as unbounded as their zeal and devotion, and their scruples as to methods were few. Their disputes with the Sulpitians of Montreal were scarcely less bitter. The Sulpitians, however, were less inclined to meddle with public affairs, confining themselves more to their purely religious functions and to the development of their estates.

The parish priest of to-day holds his parishioners to as strict an observance of their obligations to the Church and is no more tolerant of heresy among them than was the priest of the seventeenth century. He cannot say now, as was said then, "There are no heretics in New France," for some religious toleration had become necessary before the Conquest, and full toleration was required after it; but in

his own flock he combats heresy as strongly as did Laval or St. Valier. Catholics and Protestants now live as a rule in entire harmony, a harmony creditable to both parties. There are very few conversions on the one side or the other, and little attempt at proselyting.

The minimum salary for a priest sent to a parish or mission permanently is four hundred dollars, although some will volunteer to take a place where that amount cannot be raised. I heard of one a few days ago who had gone to try a place where not even two hundred dollars could be promised. By having his sister to keep his house and his brother to cultivate some land, both without pay, he hoped to exist.

The priest who was formerly paid by a tithe (1-26) on the grain raised in his parish now sometimes finds it hard to get anything else in its place. In a neighboring parish on one occasion the curé gave his parishioners a tremendous scolding for raising other articles instead of grain on purpose to save his tithes. The habitants laughed at him. They had the greatest regard for their curé in his spiritual capacity, but when it came to paying out cash or its equivalent they would as soon get the better of him as of any one else. I remember when, in the time of the Reciprocity Treaty with the States, there were buyers of oats for shipment, the first man the purchasers went to was the miller, whose tolls were sure to be good, and the last one was the priest, who would have the poorest grain of any one.

I know of another priest any one of whose people would be most delighted if he could get the better of him in a horse trade. I have been told this is hard to do.

The priest of our parish has preached and talked faithfully on the importance of cleanliness, drainage, and disinfection as precautions against diphtheria, but the people

pay not the slightest attention to anything of that sort that he says. Consequently this dreaded disease creates fearful ravages among the children every year.

This is rather a common, though not by any means the universal, feeling towards the priest,—a thorough reliance on his dicta in spiritual matters combined with some awe of him, "on general principles" as we might say, and an entire disregard of his views on other points.

A religious exercise that includes what some consider a pleasure excursion is a pilgrimage to the Shrine of Ste. Anne de Beaupré, or "*La bonne Ste. Anne*," some twenty miles below Quebec on the St. Lawrence. For many years this shrine has been celebrated for miraculous virtues. During the summer season parties from most of the parishes within fairly easy reach, and latterly even from considerable distances, are made up to visit it. Within a few years a railroad has been built from Quebec, and the journey from that point may be quickly and easily made. But a more favored way is to go by a special trip of one of the small steamers that make more or less regular voyages from the river points to Quebec for the market days. The business part of the excursion is managed much like that of Sunday-school picnics, the priest of the parish and one or two others usually making preliminary arrangements of dates, rates of fare, and the like. Sometimes one man may charter a steamer and make a little speculation out of the business. Fares are low, and the people mostly carry their own provisions, so that the trip is not an expensive one, and the boats are almost always uncomfortably crowded.

Take a trip from an up-river parish fifty or sixty miles from Quebec. The boat must start at an early hour, say five or six o'clock—depending on the tide—and the people must leave their homes often at two or three o'clock

in the morning. They reach Ste. Anne perhaps about noon, spend an hour or two in religious exercises and in looking about, and then start for home, which they will not reach till very late at night. They have had a hard day, and admit being fatigued, but not one will allow the trip to have been unprofitable, for prayers said at the shrine are supposed to have very great efficacy. One woman perhaps expressed the general feeling. She had come from some point in the States, and was disposed to comment on the hardships and expenses of her journey. "Why," said she, "for the same money we might have gone to Saratoga and enjoyed ourselves. But then [resignedly] only think how much good it has done to our souls."

The church of Ste. Anne is very fine, and the decoration of a high order. Most of it was done by Italian artists, brought over for the purpose. American tourists to Quebec who have the time to spare now try to include a visit to Ste. Anne with their other sight-seeing. The church is claimed to possess a genuine relic of Ste. Anne, and some miracles are reported to be performed there every year.

The priests receive confessions on board the steamers *en route*. Mass is said shortly after arrival, at which those who have confessed receive communion, and all are then at liberty to occupy themselves as they like until called to start for home.

The people seem to have considerable confidence in possible benefits to be derived from a pilgrimage, and there is always a number of invalids in a party. They certainly ought to be benefitted in some way to offset the discomforts and sufferings of the journey.

Some priests, however, do not look with much favor on these pilgrimages, and quietly abstain from helping to ar-

range them, although not opposing them. But that is usually sufficient. If the priest is cold or lukewarm in the matter the people are not likely to be very enthusiastic. We need not say they lack faith in the virtues of the shrine; they may think that the evil results of a pilgrimage overbalance the good. Order is generally well kept, but it would not be strange if among so many people there should be occasional excesses and irregularities.

Part VII

MARRIAGES AND FESTIVITIES

MARRIAGES AND FESTIVITIES

MARRIAGES are contracted among the poorer Canadians in the same reckless, improvident manner as among the very poor all over the world. There is not much calculation as to how the future family is to be supported. If a man can get enough to eat for himself he seems to think it will suffice for two; and the women appear to be of the same opinion. A man was earning four dollars and a half a week on which to support a wife and three young children. His son by a former marriage was earning only five dollars a month when he took it into his head to marry and go to live with his father. The house, of one room, twenty feet square, was, with the aid of some calico curtains, made the home of both families. The two women cooked their separate meals on the same stove, each man providing his portion of the wood.

Another couple was to be married as soon as the man could get money enough ahead to pay the priest's fee. He got near enough to it one week to induce him to set the wedding for the next Monday morning, but he celebrated the ceremony in advance rather too much, and Saturday night found him short of the requisite dollar. Sunday afternoon, however, he went fishing and caught and sold "tommy cods" enough to realize the amount that was lacking.

I have heard another man say that when he had paid the priest's fee for marrying him he had just fifty cents left. The woman had not even that. I imagine their

balance in hand has oftener been less than fifty cents than over it ever since.

A rather amusing instance of proclivity to matrimony came under our notice. A very poor woman, middle aged (and I think the strongest woman I ever saw), was doing scrubbing for us when she met with a trifling accident which kept her away for a few days. When we asked when she could come back to work we were informed that she was going to get married and would not work any more for anybody. As she had been a widow less than two months we were a little surprised, and inquired into the particulars. It appears that while she was in attendance on her late aged and infirm husband the people in whose house the couple occupied a room gave lodging one night to a one-armed beggar. He was so much pleased with the manner in which she took care of the old man that he expressed his intention of coming back after her husband was dead and marrying her. In the course of time the old man died and the beggar came for her. When asked why such a strong, healthy woman as she was should want to marry a crippled beggar she replied that she was tired of work and wanted to live at ease; that the beggar was very well off, had a thousand dollars in the bank, his board cost him nothing, and he could beg enough for both of them. Besides, she was nothing but a beggar herself, for she could not get work enough to support herself, her child, and her dogs. As he was just her age, forty-four, she thought it was a good match, and no matter what other people might say she was going to marry him and not do any more work.

The course of true love does not always run smooth here more than elsewhere. A man who had been some years a widower engaged to marry a maiden of some forty-five or fifty years. It seems that she was so much

pleased at the prospect that she went about telling every one of it, which for some reason or other displeased him, and he broke off the engagement. They settled matters up again after a while and were being "called" in the church; but the priest made a mistake and "called" her to the wrong man. It happened to be a dead man, so one would think no great harm had been done, as indeed there had not, for the mistake was promptly rectified. However, the bridegroom was so vexed with the priest that he went off and got drunk, at which she became angry and broke the engagement in her turn. Shortly afterward her brother was taken ill and died, and this man went to the funeral, which was in another parish. There her father was taken ill, carried home, and placed on the bed from which his son had just been removed. The man gave so much assistance, showed so much sympathy, and altogether behaved so well, that she forgave his delinquencies. They came back to their own parish Saturday night, and at six o'clock Monday morning went to the church by themselves and were married. It looks as if neither party was inclined to risk more ruptures of the engagement.

There is a well-authenticated story of a man of wealth who was engaged to be married to a woman of something near his own age, and who bought and elegantly furnished a house for their occupancy. For some reason unknown they decided not to marry, but they went together to the house, packed up with the greatest care all the beautiful furniture and there left it. She remained in her own rooms and he took small rooms elsewhere. Every afternoon for thirty years and more he called at a certain hour and they walked out together; and once a week she dressed in state and dined with him at his rooms or he with her at hers, she always inviting some young girl

to act as chaperone. One day he was taken sick and did not call. She, being herself ill with a slight cold, wrote him a note. He died the next day with her note in his hand. Less than a month later she died, the doctors said from grief, as she had no disease. The great house with all its furnishings remained unoccupied and unused until within a very few years.

It is told of a hunter and woodsman, who still lives in a neighboring parish, that he made arrangements to be married on Monday (which seems to be a favorite time), and on Saturday went to Quebec to purchase his outfit. He met so many friends whom it was necessary to treat, and who treated him so much, that he found himself, or rather was found, late in the afternoon, very drunk and without a cent. A neighbor took him home in a sleigh; but the neighbor had a bottle, and Jean had to be put to bed more drunk than ever. He went to sleep and did not wake up enough to know what he was about until Sunday afternoon. Then he realized that something must be done or his marriage would be a failure for that time sure. He took his gun and some traps and went away to the woods. Before daylight he returned with two otter skins on his back, routed up a village shopkeeper and sold the skins, went to the church, and was on hand to be married according to the programme. I believe Jean has lived on very much the same happy-go-lucky plan ever since.

Not all weddings here in Canada are so simple and unceremonious as those I have mentioned. Here as elsewhere, some people want a good deal of parade, and others either do not care for or cannot afford it.

Years ago weddings among well-to-do habitants were, and occasionally are now, made scenes of festivity lasting several days. Practically open house was kept,

sometimes for nearly a week. The amount of eating, drinking, and dancing done was prodigious. Drinking, in former days, was more general and heavier than now, and fights sometimes occurred, but rarely resulted seriously. The Canadians do not like stand-up pugilistic encounters like the English, or rows with shillaly like the Irish. Two or three good solid blows are enough to settle almost any of their little difficulties.

My family was once unintentionally the means of turning what was intended to be a very quiet wedding into a genuine fête. The bride was an amiable and estimable girl, sister to our man-of-all-work, who has been with us for several years, and to our housemaid, to whom my wife and daughters are much attached. The whole family is greatly respected in the village. To please our little maid and the rest, my people added some small articles to the bride's trousseau and then prompted me to offer something more. They decided that nothing would give everybody so much pleasure as a chance to dance, and proposed that I should provide fiddlers and that they should give an afternoon tea. We secured a vacant house near by and decorated the rooms with red and white cotton cloth. The decorations were extremely simple, but turned out to be effective and were greatly admired.

The marriage was to be on Tuesday, and the two musicians, who came from another parish, arrived on Monday afternoon. After refreshments they tuned up and dancing began, at the house of the bride's father. It was kept up until eleven P. M., stopping only for supper. At seven the next morning the wedding took place, and immediately after breakfast dancing was resumed, continuing till noon.

We had not ourselves intended to take any part in the festivities, but found that the bride would feel really grat-

ified if we would attend the dinner, which took the place of the usual wedding breakfast. We feared we should be an embarrassment, but so much was said and the invitation was so cordial, that we consented, and finally decided that we would go in for all the fun that was going. We were given the most distinguished places at the table, next the *dame d'honneur*, who was no other than our little housemaid. I must say that she was the life of the occasion, and carried affairs along with a spirit and vigor that we had often suspected was in her but had never seen before. At our house she is extremely quiet and demure, but at the wedding she evidently let herself loose and things had to go the way she wanted them.

The dinner was set in the kitchen of the farm-house, and was not very different from the usual farmer's fare, but was good and abundant. There were no liquors—the whole family being temperance people—but we drank the bride's health in tea so strong it almost made my head swim. She was pleased and everybody was merry.

When the first party had finished their repast—for the tables had to be set twice more before all were satisfied—the doctor of the village got up and made a neat speech that must have cost him some trouble to prepare. There was no regular reply, for the bridegroom evidently had no taste for speech-making, and no one else thought it his duty, so we contented ourselves with vigorously applauding the doctor's sentiments.

By two o'clock all had been fed, and adjournment was made to the rooms we had prepared. After a few minutes spent in commenting on our decorations all hands speedily settled to business. My wife and daughters hunted me up and insisted that it was my duty to open the dance with the bride, which I did. And more than that, I kept on till I think I must have danced with nearly

all her family. I had n't danced so much in twenty years. My family said they had no idea there was so much dance left in me. It was lots of fun.

The dances were quadrilles and cotillions, with an occasional jig, round dances being forbidden. Men did not take their partners round the waist, but by their elbows. I made two or three mistakes about that, but was gently reminded that the Canadian fashion was considered more proper. Those cotillions made me perspire. There was one girl of fifteen or sixteen years who weighed, I think, about as much as I did, who always seemed to want to turn round twice to my once. One dance with her was enough. I think there was not a dry thread on me when it was over.

The two fiddlers did not play together, but when one stopped the other commenced, and the intervals between dances were very short. It was a case of "one down another come on" all the afternoon. The dancing was lively and vigorous, but not rude or rough in the least. There was not much formality, but perfect propriety. Only one man appeared to have taken privately a little more drink than was good for him, and he was only silly. He was induced to go home for something and did not get back.

A little incident at one time promised to disturb the harmony, but it was soon over and few persons knew anything about it. A rejected suitor appeared outside the house in an excited condition, vowing vengeance on the bride and threatening bodily injury to the groom. Two of the lady's brothers went out and administered some very forcible language to the young man, and one of them emphasized his remarks with a good *claque* on the side of the head, whereon he got into his cariole and drove away.

Dancing and refreshments continued until six without

interruption. I was smoking a quiet pipe in one of the rooms when somebody called me out. I found the guests assembled in the dancing-room, and the schoolmaster stepped out and read a very neatly written address which should have been made to my wife and daughters instead of to me, for I had had very little to do with the affair except to pay the fiddlers. I was a good deal nonplussed at first, but managed to say that we were very much obliged to the people for their compliments and glad they had enjoyed themselves. I got out of that function in short metre, and on the whole, very easily.

Then everybody went to supper and afterwards danced till five the next morning. I dropped into the house for a few minutes in the evening and found everything in full blast. Two rooms were made available, with a fiddler in each. While a set was dancing in one room another was being made up in the other one, so that there were absolutely no waits at all. The non-dancers played cards and sang in another room without disturbing the others in the least. I went home and to bed, but when I went back to the village about ten o'clock next morning I heard the fiddles going again, and they did not stop till dinner time.

At two o'clock the young couple started for their new home, thirty miles away, escorted by several sleigh-loads of relatives and friends. Arrived there, they found fresh fiddlers on hand and fifty or more neighbors assembled, so there was almost continuous dancing again till noon of the following day. Our little maid, who was of the escorting party, came back at about sunset with feet so swollen that she could get no shoes on and was obliged to shuffle round the house for three or four days in a pair of old overstockings. When she told her story I wished I had a copy of the well-known picture entitled "Enfin Seuls" to send to the *nouveaux mariés*. I am sure they would have appreciated it.

We were quite satisfied with our success. At small expense to ourselves we had given pleasure to a good many people and had assisted at a genuinely Canadian wedding. It was frankly and honestly simple, dignified and decorous and had been enjoyed with true Canadian lightheartedness.

It added greatly to our pleasure that our faithful Nazaire was present and was made much of, to his mingled delight and embarrassment. He had come to see me on business and to resign on the twentieth anniversary of his engagement in our service and on account of advancing years, the position he had so long and honorably filled. As soon as it was known that he was in the village the bride's family insisted that he should be of the wedding party. He was known to most of the people and it did not take long for the others to make his acquaintance. Whenever I caught sight of him he was surrounded by a group of attentive listeners. Added years have subtracted nothing from his loquacity, and I suspect our adventures and experience together in the woods formed the basis of much of his conversation. I am glad I was not called on to vouch for his stories, for I am rather afraid his memory has grown astigmatic of late. He was greatly distressed because he was not dressed for a wedding. I assured him that it was not of the slightest consequence and that he looked as well as any of us. Privately I was glad of it, for to me his honest, rugged features show better out of homespun than out of store clothes. But no one, not even the bride nor my daughters, could induce him to dance. I was awfully sorry, for I think he would have shown us some steps that are not taught by dancing masters now-a-days.

Good old Nazaire! He went home by the midnight

train, assuring me that he should never forget or regret his visit.

The habitant is extremely fond of everything that has the air of a fête, and one other little lark which we have had with our habitant neighbors is as characteristic as the wedding just described. It was no longer ago than last summer. Our neighbors could never understand why we liked so much to go to Lake Clair. They thought there was nothing we could do there but catch and eat fish. We wanted to give some of them an entertainment, so we invited twenty-five or thirty to make a picnic at the lake, stopping there over one night. A goodly number came, fathers and mothers, young men and maidens. I think a merrier lot of people was never brought together. They were like a lot of children let out of school. They ran, raced, sang, shouted and played tricks on each other with as much glee and zest as if they had never had a care in

their lives; and all without a particle of objectionable rudeness.

Their greatest delight, however, was in the boating. All our water craft of course were at their service, and as they were quite safe I had no anxiety except to be a little careful as to who went out in the smaller canoes. As it was there was not the slightest mishap except that the only expert canoeman in the party managed to tip himself over without the least excuse. One more laugh, a little more uproarious than the others, was the only noticeable result.

In the evening we had a procession of boats and canoes with torches, and afterwards fireworks, and tableaux with colored lights, which were very pretty, being arranged so as to appear as if on the water. The weather was perfect and the lake like a mirror. There was one tableau that was quite striking. After a brilliant illumination and while eyes were still a little dazzled a figure in white appeared, gliding gently over the water without any visible means of propulsion. She was poised high on the bow of a canoe large enough to be steady, and with red, white or blue lights burning behind her she appeared in a kind of halo, and the canoe, paddled noiselessly along, was not seen. Some exclaimed "*Le d-i-a-b-l-e-est dedans!*" (the devil is in it) with the peculiar intonation often given to the expression. It was only an indication of wonder and delight and not of opinion that his satanic majesty had anything to do with it.

When all these things were done and a lot of songs had been sung I thought it was time for folks to go to bed, but my friends apparently had no such views. When the assembly broke up they nearly all went off by twos, threes and fours in boats and canoes and in a few minutes

were scattered all over the lake, some singing and some only chaffing the rest.

There was one quite old man, much bent up with rheumatism and so generally feeble that I wondered how he ever reached the lake, whom I thought ought to be looked after. I told one of his sons that he ought to get the old man in and put him nicely to bed. He went to look for him and found he had gone away to the other side of the lake with a boat-load of young folks, and apparently had no thought of going to bed at all.

We had provided comfortable beds for all the women and set up two tents with plenty of branches for the men whom we could not accommodate otherwise; but a few of the young women were determined that they would sleep in a tent for once in their lives now that they had the chance, so they took possession of one, got their fathers to occupy the other to chaperon them, and told the other men they might go and sleep wherever they could. I heard it intimated next morning that not much sleeping was done in either tent that night; but as everybody was happy and jolly over it that did not much matter.

Everybody was out bright and early and after a forenoon spent in boating and visiting points of interest, started for home, a five hours' drive, in great spirits. For a week afterwards there was not much talked about in our village but the Canadian picnic at Lake Clair.

The fun of it all for us was in seeing the pleasure the people took in everything they saw or did and their hearty *abandon*. It is great sport to get up such things for people to whom they are all new and strange; but who, while not critical, have intelligence to appreciate them fairly well.

We were quite struck with the good looks of most of our party, of the men particularly. Nearly all had good

features and very good figures. Possibly this lot happened to be a little above the average, but we consider the Canadians in general to be rather a handsome race. We see a good many children, little girls especially, that are very lovely. As women, with their large families and hard work, they are apt to fade early.

Part VIII

THE FEUDAL SYSTEM

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UNTIL quite recent times the whole of the settled, and much of the unsettled, part of Canada was held under feudal tenure. The seigneurs held grants of land from the Crown on the simple condition of faith and homage. These grants, however, were liable to be changed or revoked or new conditions imposed at the will of the sovereign. "For such is our pleasure" was the only reason necessary to be given by the king. These tracts were divided by the seigneurs into farms of convenient size, usually four arpents of 192 English feet each in front by forty arpents in depth, which were conceded (leased) at a perpetual rental, besides other obligations, of which more hereafter.

As the river was the great highway in summer, and sometimes offered the most available roadway in winter, and as the best land lay along its banks, the seigneuries bordering on it were made narrow in front and extending back to a considerable depth. The farm-lands being laid out on the same plan gave to each tenant the privilege of fishing in the St. Lawrence and cultivating a certain amount of excellent land on its banks with sufficient pasture and wood-land farther back.

Sub-divisions of these farms were, and still are, made on the same system, so that we may often hear a man say that he has an arpent or two arpents of land, meaning that he has one or two arpents of front by forty arpents in depth. This method of dividing lots accounts for the

long, narrow strips of land with their apparently interminable fences that so constantly meet the eye of the traveller.

This plan offered several advantages to the settlers, such as the making of roads, social intercourse, and, most of all, prompt mutual help against the attacks of the savages. The same system extended to the lands in the rear when those on the river bank had all been conceded. It is only in comparatively modern times, since the Conquest in fact, that lands far from the St. Lawrence have been considered of any great value; and only as the growth of the population has forced the younger generations to occupy them have they been brought under cultivation.

This system also has made the main road from Quebec to Montreal almost a continuous village, more densely peopled in the vicinity of the churches, but still closely settled nearly all the way.

Towards the end of the seventeenth century the rental of these farms, in the neighborhood of Quebec, may be reckoned at about "twenty sous and a good live capon" for each arpent of front, or eighty sous and four capons for a farm of not far from one hundred and thirty English acres. The amount seems absurdly small, although money was worth nearly, or quite, five times as much as now.

Aside from the rent the other obligations of the tenant do not appear to have been burdensome, and were doubtless cheerfully met. The seigneurs as a rule lived among their tenants, and shared both good and evil fortunes with them. Until the latter part of the century it would seem that there was little good and much hard fortune for both.

M. de Gaspé, in the "Canadians of Old," gives us an excellent idea of the relations of the tenants to the seigneurs. It is a pity we have not more of the same kind of

history and from an earlier date. That there was great mutual attachment and good will between them is certain, and we have no reason to think M. de Gaspé at all exaggerates them. The planting of the May pole, which he describes, however, I am sorry to find was not the spontaneous offering of the people. I had supposed it was all done of their own free will; but I find it was obligatory, imposed by their deeds of concession of lands.

A book published in London in 1818 by Joseph Bouchette, formerly Surveyor-General of Canada, gives a résumé of the conditions of the concessions or perpetual leases, which I cannot do better than quote for those who would like to know more of this peculiar tenure. This book, now out of print, gives the dates of grants, names of grantees, and some remarks about each seigneury. It is interesting to notice how little was then known, even by its general surveyor, of the interior of the country, as well as the progress Canada has made "within the memory of men still living." The writer of it was apparently born about the time of the Conquest and wrote toward the end of the second war between the United States and Great Britain. His confidence in the future of Canada is unbounded, and his loyalty to British institutions fully as great as that of his countrymen of today. His disparagement of the United States and all that belongs to them is mildly amusing.

Mr. Bouchette says:

> At the time this country fell under the English government the feudal system universally prevailed in the tenure of lands, and still continues with respect to such as were then granted; but the townships and tracts disposed of by the British administration have been granted in free and common socage, only two or three instances to the contrary being known.
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> By the ancient custom of Canada lands were held immediately from the king *en fief*, or *en roture*, on condition of rendering fealty

and homage on accession to the seigniorial property, and in the event of a transfer thereof by sale or otherwise, except in hereditary succession, it was subject to the payment of a *quint*, or the fifth of the whole purchase money, and which if paid by the purchaser immediately entitled him to the *rebat*, or a reduction of two-thirds of the *quint*. This custom still prevails.

The tenanciers, or holders of lands *en roture*, are subject to some particular conditions, but they are not at all burdensome. For instance, they pay a small annual rent, usually between 2s. 6d. and 5s., (though in many seigniories the rents of the new concessions have been considerably increased,) to this is added some article of provision, such as a couple of fowls, a goose, or a bushel of wheat, or something else of domestic consumption, and they are also bound to grind their corn at the "*moulin banal*," or the seigneur's mill, where one-fourteenth part of it is taken for his use as *moulure* (or toll for grinding), to repair the highways and by-roads through their lands, and to make new ones, which when opened must be surveyed and approved by the *grand voyeur* of the district, and established by *procès verbal*.

Lands are sometimes held by *bail amphiteotique*, or a long lease of 20, 30, 50, or any number of years, subject to a very small rent only. *Franc alleu* is a freehold, under which lands are exempt from all rights or duties to seigneurs, acknowledging no lord but the king. *Cencive* is a feudal tenure, subject to an annual rent paid either in money or produce.

The seigneurs, by the old laws that have not been repealed, are entitled to constitute courts and preside as judges therein, in what is denominated *haute et basse justice*, which takes cognizance of all crimes committed within their jurisdiction except murder and treason. This privilege has lain dormant ever since the Conquest nor is it probable that it will be revived as such ample provision is now made for the regular administration of the laws.

The *lods et ventes* constitute a part of the seigneur's revenue. It is the right to a twelfth part of the purchase money of every estate within his seigniory that changes the owner by sale or other means equivalent to a sale. This twelfth is to be paid by the purchaser, and is exclusive of the sum agreed upon between him and the seller. For prompt payment of it a reduction of a fourth part is usually made. In cases of a sale of this nature the lord possesses the *droit de retrait*, which is the privilege of pre-emption at the highest bidden

price within forty days after the sale has taken place. It is, however, a privilege but seldom exercised.

All the fisheries within a seigniory contribute to increase the proprietor's revenue as he receives tithes of all the fish caught or an equivalent sum. Besides these rights he is privileged to fell timber anywhere within his seigniory for erecting mills, repairing roads or constructing new ones, or other works of public or general utility. Many proprietors of seigniories have become very wealthy from their revenues, as the sales and exchanges of estates have been of late years very numerous.

Lands held by Roman Catholics under any of the aforementioned tenures are further subject to the payment to their curates of one-twenty-sixth part of all grain produced upon them, and to occasional assessments for building and repairing churches, parsonage houses, or other works belonging to the church. The remainder of the granted lands within the Province not held under any of these tenures are in free and common socage, from which a reservation of two-sevenths is made; one thereof is appropriated to the crown, and the other set apart for the maintenance and support of the protestant clergy.

All these rights of the seigneurs, together with many other so-called rights that were unwritten, existing only through customs originating in the Middle Ages, or in the times when subjects were merely serfs, continued in force up to 1854, although few of their objectionable claims ever obtained much footing in this country. The rights of the seigneurs were so unfavorable to the prosperity of the Province that a commission was appointed in 1853 to prepare a plan for their commutation. This commission was probably the most talented and distinguished body of men ever brought together in Canada, and the work done by it was a great one. The seigneurs were shorn of any unjust pretentions and recompensed for those legal rights of which it was thought best to deprive them. The tenant was allowed to commute his rental on reasonable terms and become actual proprietor, in fee simple, of his holdings.

The arrangement was generally satisfactory to all. The far greater part of the conceded properties have been thus commuted; but there are some that still pay the old rent —money, fowls, etc. Very few seigneuries now remain in the families of the original grantees; perhaps not more than five or six in the Province.

French kings had long endeavored to limit the powers of the nobles, and in New France all things conspired to prevent the exercise of unjust practices. In fact it does not appear that many Canadian seigneurs were disposed to make much use of such, although there were no doubt great differences among them in this respect. I have heard of one who, even in modern times, claimed that he had the first right to everything within the limits of his seigneury.

Learning that I wished to know something more of the relations of seigneur and tenant, a friend placed in my hands a "*Traité des Fiefs*" in seven large volumes. It was published in Paris in 1749, and is a complete digest of all the laws, edicts and decisions concerning the matter down to that time.

I found this treatise extremely curious and interesting, although bearing but slightly on feudalism in Canada. Scores of points that now seem to us utterly trifling and unimportant are treated in the most serious and minute manner. The long discussions and arguments help to show how poorly defined were the powers of the nobles in ancient times. In some parts of France written laws prevailed and in other parts ancient customs, some of them dating from the 10th century, formed the only law. On one point the author cites no less than seventy-five different customs. The "*droit de corvée*," which in Canada was limited to the right of the seigneur to compel his tenants to work on roads or other works of public utility,

and the right of "*banalité*," which in Canada was reduced to the obligation to bring all grain to the seigneurial mill to be ground, are carefully and exhaustively discussed.

In France, a renewal of faith and homage which, as this author says "is the essence of a fief," was due from the seigneur to the sovereign at every change in the succession on the one side or the other; the noble must acknowledge allegiance to the monarch on his accession to the throne, as well as on his own succession to new rank. The tenant, always called "vassal" by this author, must offer faith and homage to his seigneur upon every newly-acquired title on his own part, whether by purchase, inheritance or otherwise. In Canada the seigneurs tendered faith and homage to the representative of the king on his arrival in the country, presenting at the same time declarations of titles.

In Canada, the tenant was under no obligation to military service towards his seigneur, while in France he might be obliged, under one form of allegiance, to serve his master personally, at his own expense, as long as the war might last; under another he would be bound to serve in the same manner for forty days. After that he might send a horseman in his place.

The best short account of feudal customs in Canada that I know of is that given by Parkman in chap. xv of "The Old Regime in Canada."

I have in my possession a deed dated June 19th, 1694, conceding a lot of land of three arpents in front by forty in depth in consideration of twenty sous and one good live capon, or twenty sous for the value thereof at the pleasure of the seigneur, for each arpent of front, and one sous of *cens*, payable at the principal manor-house of the seigneury on St. Martin's day in each year so long as the grantee shall occupy the land.

The tenant is to help to maintain such roads as may be deemed necessary for public use, "*tenir feu et lieu*" (live on the premises), bring his grain to the seigneur's mill to be ground, aid the other habitants to plant on the first day of May in each year a May pole in front of the principal door of the manor-house, and to pay to the seigneur one-fifteenth of all fish caught in the St. Lawrence in front of the land (he having the right to hunt and fish over and in front of it), * * * and to be "subject to *cens et rentes* carrying with them the *lods et ventes* according to the custom of Paris."

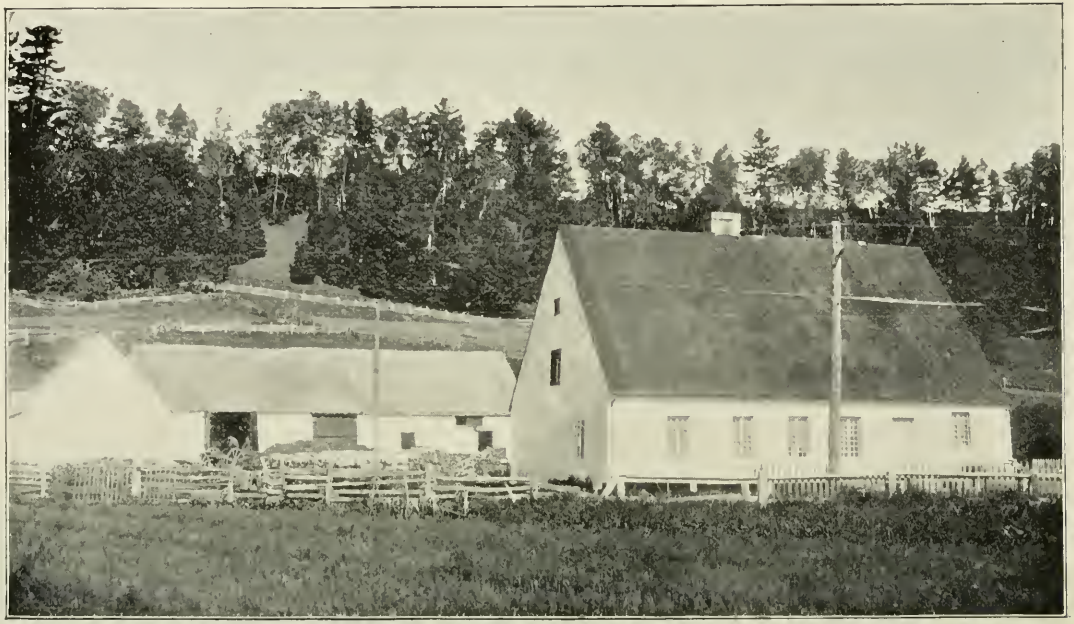
The giving of this deed would seem to have been a voluntary act on the part of the seigneur, for the grantee was not present when it was made, and the notary only accepts it in his name "in case it should be agreeable to him."

The rent and other charges were doubtless commuted under the act of 1854, and the owner now holds in fee simple, free from *cens et rentes*, *lots et ventes*, and all the rest of it. He can now get his grain ground where he likes and is free to eat all the fish he can catch.

The front line of the lot described extended three arpents along the shore of the River St. Lawrence and its side lines were those that separated it from its neighbors, but its rear boundary was probably still in the primeval forest.

When this deed was made, Quebec, although the seat of civil, military and religious government for the whole of Canada, was only a small station, and the entire population of the colony could not have exceeded 12,000 souls. (A census taken in 1681 made it 9,781.)

Sturdy old Count Frontenac was Governor, Louis XIV was King of France, and William of Orange King of England.



In that same year bands of treacherous savages and no less savage Canadians were murdering settlers all along the New England frontier. Parkman tells us all about it, and how at Durham, near Portsmouth, N. H., a hundred and four persons, mostly women and children, were tomahawked and scalped, and how a French officer says that his Indian allies intended to "divide up into parties of four or five and knock people on the head by surprise, *which cannot fail to have a good effect*."

This was the character of the warfare carried on by the French and Indians, aided, excited and continually encouraged by priests and missionaries.

Although many seigneuries had been granted along the River St. Lawrence and a considerable number of farms conceded, yet the number of habitants actually occupying their lands must have been very small. Many of them had been drafted into the militia and were serving on military expeditions, largely under the command of their seigneurs. Others, reckless, venturesome and impatient of all restraint, had taken to the woods in company with congenial spirits from the ranks of the *noblesse* and became *coureurs de bois*, hunting, trading and fighting on their own account, defying control either of Church or State.

The seigneurs were not as a rule men of wealth and their manor-houses were usually unpretentious, probably much of the character of a Canadian farm-house of good class of the present day, having one or two large rooms, while the chambers were small and low. In many cases the house, as well as stables, storehouses and workshops, was surrounded with palisades, and the whole arranged to serve as a place of refuge and defense from savages. A chapel was sometimes also within the enclosure when not included in the house itself.

Some establishments, however, were of greater preten-

tions, as for instance, that of the Seigneury of Longueil, which was built of stone, the whole enclosure covering a space of 170 by 270 feet. It was doubtless modelled after an old French chateau and by its extent and imposing appearance gained for the seigneur the title of Baron. It was destroyed by fire before 1699, and a church was built on its site, and in part of the same materials, at about that date.*

Some of the seigneuries were of great extent. That of Beaupré, granted in 1636, contained 695,704 arpents, or about 900 square miles.

The most valuable was that of the island of Montreal, a greater part of which was first granted in 1640 to two persons named Cherrier and Le Royer. Whether they disposed of it, or whether it was for some reason forfeited to the crown, there is no record to show. It passed in 1664 from the Sulpitians of Paris to the Seminary of St. Sulpice in Montreal, to which the titles were confirmed by the king in 1714, so that the Seminary became sole proprietor of that immensely valuable property.

By the seigneurial act of 1854 the Society was obliged to accept commutation from such of its tenants as then demanded it. As regarded new concessions it was of course at liberty to make its own terms and conceded many lots of land subject to perpetual ground rents, but rarely sold any. Its property in the city and district of Montreal is therefore at the present time of almost unknown value.

In and immediately around Quebec the policy of grant-

*It is to be hoped that it was not alone the appearance of the mansion that brought its owner this distinction. The family well deserved the title by varied and valuable services. Mr. Parkman speaks of it as the most truly eminent in Canada. A brother of the baron was the founder of New Orleans.

ing small fiefs or dependencies was instituted by the "Company of New France," and continued by successive governors—Montmagny, Frontenac and others. Its object was to favor compact settlement in times when the colony was weak and threatened by powerful enemies. I have been told that some of these fiefs were scarcely larger than good-sized house lots.

The palisaded or otherwise fortified manor-houses served not infrequently as places of refuge and defense. The most notable incident of this kind was that of the holding of the fort of Verchéres (about 20 miles below Montreal on the south side of the St. Lawrence) by the young daughter of the seigneur.

Outside the fort was a block-house, connected with it by a covered way. One morning late in October, 1692, the inhabitants were at work in the fields and some of the soldiers were out hunting at considerable distance. The seigneur and his wife were away. Only two soldiers, two boys, an old man of eighty years, and a number of women and children were left in the place.

The seigneur's young daughter, Madeleine, aged fourteen years, was by the landing-place at the river with a hired man named Laviolette. Suddenly she heard firing from the direction of the workers in the fields, and directly after Laviolette cried out, "Run, madamoiselle, run; here come the Iroquois!" Turning, she saw forty or fifty of them at the distance of a pistol-shot, and ran as fast as she could towards the fort. The Indians, finding that they could not take her alive before she reached the gate, stopped and fired at her, but she ran on, with the bullets whistling about her. As soon as she was near enough to be heard she cried, "To arms, to arms!" but the two soldiers were so frightened that they hid themselves. She shut the gate and tried to think what she could do to save

herself and the others. She found some of the palisades down and immediately ordered them to be replaced, she herself helping at the work. In the block-house she found the two soldiers, one of whom was just about to set a lighted match to the magazine to blow them all up. She sent him out of the place and by her spirit and resolution compelled obedience to her commands.

With the help of the two soldiers, whore panic soon subsided, and of her two brothers, ten and twelve years old, she opened fire on the Indians, who, deceived as to the strength of the garrison, and reluctant as usual to attack a fortified place, turned to killing or making prisoners of the people in the fields.

During the day Madeleine continued to show a semblance of strength and at night kept up such a constant watch on the bastions that the Indians never suspected the weakness of the defense. For forty-eight hours the girl neither ate nor slept, but kept encouraging her little force with hopes of speedy relief. This state of alarm and anxiety continued until at the end of a week a lieutenant, sent by M. de Callières, arrived with forty men, and the brave girl surrendered her charge to him. He inspected the fort, found everything in order and a sentinel on each bastion. Then she told him that it was quite time to relieve them for they had not been off their posts for a week.

In recognition of the bravery of this young heroine a pension for life was afterward granted her. A portion of the old fort is still standing.

VERCHÈRES

Part VIII

CHANGES IN TYPE

CHANGES IN TYPE

I HAVE often wished that I could see in print a full description of some of the interesting forms of civilization that were peculiar to Canada during the fifty years before and fifty years after the Conquest. There may be such accounts in existence, but I do not know where to find them in any collected form. It was a period of growth and transition, whose like could not exist under other conditions than those of the climate, races, and modes of life of the people of Canada, and the change from feudal to alien monarchical institutions.

Some types that existed in the eighteenth century have become nearly, or quite, extinct in the nineteenth. There should be much of interest concerning them that exists only in obscure archives or survives only in tradition.

All of the high military, and some of the highest civil, officials were of course immediately supplanted at the time of the Conquest by those of the new regime. All the remaining classes, the judges, lawyers, notaries, habitants, and others, have since undergone great changes. We can only note a few of them.

Of the sturdy and adventurous canoeman and the hardy and resourceful carter the vocations have almost passed away. Steamboats have superseded the one and railroads the other on all the main lines of travel.

In the seventeenth century canoeing was almost the only mode of travel. Soldiers, priests, traders, *coureurs de bois*, and the noted explorers of that time were accustomed to start from Quebec, for the regions of the Great

Lakes and far beyond, in bark canoes, carrying little provision and relying mainly on game and fish for subsistence. We can form little idea of the dangers and hardships which they experienced.

In later times (and there are a few old residents still living who can tell of them), companies of twenty, thirty, or forty loaded canoes would often start together for the lumbering regions of the Upper Ottawa or St. Maurice rivers, the crews all singing "En Roulant Ma Boule," or some similar refrain, keeping time with the strokes of their paddles. The canoemen were *portageurs*, too, in those days, such as we seldom see now. Their merchandise and provisions were ordinarily packed in bales of one hundred pounds each, of which each man took two as his regular load on the *portages* and a third when necessary. A not very unusual load was a barrel of pork, to be carried over roads that were only rocky foot-paths, obstructed by fallen timber and traversed by streams that had to be crossed on logs or fallen trees. There are plenty of men strong enough, but men inured to such work are scarce in our day. In the north, away up in the Hudson

Bay Company's territory, canoeing and portaging are still done, but the friend to whom I have referred on page 19 says that the Indians and half-breeds of that region carry no such loads.

A Huron Chief.

If you meet with one of these old residents you will not find it difficult to arouse his enthusiasm and start him on a flood of reminiscences that will interest you as much as they do him.

Those of my readers who have crossed the St. Lawrence in canoes amongst floating ice still have vivid recollections of the perils of the passage, although the canoes were made of wood and not of the frail bark used by summer *voyageurs* on inland waters. If accidents were rare, exemption from them was due not to lack of danger, but to the skill of the boatmen. Not many will regret that steam has generally supplanted humanity in that particular direction, however much delight we may take in seeing human brain and muscle overcome obstacles.

The carter of old, like the canoeman, has nearly disappeared. Railroads have so penetrated the country that winter drives of two, three, or more days are no longer common incidents. A journey that I have often made in winter, sometimes in four hours when the roads were good and my veteran carter, Trudel, drove his slashing tandem, or that occupied two or three days if a heavy snow-storm came up, or if the roads were bad and I had a country carter, I now do by rail in little over an hour. But the old journey was interesting. If there were fatigue and hardship, there was also pleasure. The new conveyance is safe and comfortable, but dull and commonplace. That it

is preferable we all admit, but there are some of us yet left who occasionally meet and talk over the evenings we have spent storm-bound at certain places *en route*, and speak of the many who have gone over to the majority, with something of regret for the old days, like old people everywhere.

The canoeman and the carter of old have almost disappeared; but the seigneur of old is more completely gone than either. He was a picturesque and conspicuous figure in Canadian life.

Although the first seigneurs were nobles, yet attempts to establish a permanent Canadian nobility failed. The country was too poor. While a few of the seigneurs attempted for a time to maintain style and dignity corresponding to their rank, their revenues were insufficient, owing to the sparseness of the population.* Others, lower in the social scale, of whom there was a considerable number, could not make much effort in that direction. Although landlords with large estates, their poverty obliged them to become in some measure habitants, sometimes traders.

Père Marquette.

Some of the first and many of the second generation of these yielded to the fascinations of the wild, free, and adventurous life of the *coureur de bois*. Others became explorers, and helped to discover and make known the great rivers of the west, and to found trading-posts that have since become great cities. But almost every seigneur was a soldier, or ready

* In 1712 ninety-one seigneuries had been granted in a population not exceeding fifty thousand souls.

to become one; his tastes and traditions led him to a soldier's life.

When the Governor of the colony called out Canadian militia, the seigneurs took the field at the head of their tenants. Both officers and men had become skilled in Indian modes of warfare, which were more to surprise and murder their enemy than to fight him.

I think we may suppose that those of the habitants who had settled on and begun to cultivate some land served only under the officers regularly appointed over them and on regularly organized expeditions; and that only adventurers and outlaws formed the nucleus of the savage hordes that devastated the borders of New England, although led by younger members of the Canadian *noblesse* of no less savage disposition.

La Corne de St. Luce.

In the intervals of comparative peace the seigneurs devoted themselves to the cultivation of their lands, and carried on more or less trading without materially bettering their condition, until again called out *en masse* to defend their country against the English, half a century later. After the Conquest many of them returned to France, while others settled down on their estates and became simple country gentlemen, prospering greatly with the improved condition of the country and the rapidly increasing population.

M. Chartier de Lotbinière.

From some of these families have sprung men who have dis-

tinguished themselves in various lines of life in the later history of Canada; but many families have become extinct, or have merged into the mass of the people.

As other classes have changed, so have judges, lawyers, and notaries. Of the first two I know little except through tradition and anecdote, but of some of the notaries of the old school my recollection is so clear that I cannot help noticing the difference. I distinctly remember one of the last of these, a man of the same pattern as those we read of as the depositary of family secrets, the one without whose knowledge and assistance no business of any consequence could be properly transacted. In looks, dress, manners, and habits, he was the real old French notary.

One of the last of the Old School.

The notaries of Canada are a large and respectable class. That they form a useful class in a community where so many can neither read nor write it is needless to say, and to business men in general they are a great convenience. A considerable knowledge of legal forms is necessary to the profession, and a notarial document is not easy to dispute in courts of law. Wills, contracts, deeds, settlements, and agreements of all kinds are made by them, and, as a rule, well made. I have sometimes thought that the nature of the notaries' profession tended to encourage personal truth and honesty. Breaches of trust and unfair dealings of any kind are rare among them, and secrets or private matters are generally safe in their hands.

The younger notaries of the present time have a less regard for their profession, than their ancestors and are more

ready to abandon it for office, or the chances of political life.

The priest, by education and training inclined to be most conservative, is not altogether what he was. It was not that he wanted to change, but he found that he must adapt himself more or less to the forces that would move the world whether he liked it or no. In some things he has given way and gone forward; in others he still refuses to move. I can see changes that I cannot describe.

The habitant has changed with the others. He has been slow to move, but has lost something of his conservatism. He does not now invariably wear gray homespun, although I would not say that he does not prefer it. I am inclined to think that his wearing of factory-made goods comes about not through any vanity of his own, but because his wife and daughters find more profitable employment than the slow and tedious processes of spinning and weaving by hand. The daughters may have been obliged—some of them—to go to the States for this employment, but they have found it nevertheless, and too few are left at home to turn spinning wheels enough for all their needs. In many other ways also the demand for female labor has increased. Thirty years ago a seamstress was glad to work for twenty cents a day, whereas now she wants fifty. This instances only one of the many forces that compelled the habitant to abandon some of his inherited customs. Giving them up has been a slow and painful process to men with little or no education or ambition and strongly bound by tradition, but they have not entirely withstood the advance of civilization.

Emigration of the habitant class within the last twenty-five years has been enormous, and still goes on, although fluctuating from year to year according to the condition of business. There is scarcely a family in our vicinity from which some immediate member has not "*monté dans les*

Etats" (gone up into the States). Whole families have been accustomed to go and return almost annually. A good many of them find their way back and remain at home ; for even if they obtain constant and remunerative employment the civilization of "the States" does not always suit them, and they long for their own rivers and forests, their familiar speech, their churches, and their inherited customs. Then, although they earn much more in the States, they are obliged to work much harder and more steadily than at home ; and it is not every one that likes hard work, even if well paid. A man who lately returned, when asked why he came back when he was doing so well, replied, "*Je m'ennuyais du pays*" (I was tired of the country). He had nothing to complain of, but he was homesick. The busy, earnest life of the States does not please the majority of French Canadians.

Within a few years, however, so many have decided to remain and make the States their home that there are now about two-thirds as many Canadians in the States as in Canada, and the regularly migrating contingent has proportionately diminished.

Although the most of these Canadians make very good American citizens, and some have risen to posts of honor and responsibility, yet I cannot say that my Canadian friends in their own country show much of the public spirit of New Englanders and the people of the Northern States generally. In all such matters as roads, bridges, drainage, sidewalks, and similar works for the public good they are far behind their American neighbors. This, I imagine, is largely attributable to the inherited habit of depending entirely on the Government for all matters of the kind. In the old times the people had no voice whatever in public affairs, and since they have had control of their local concerns they have not risen to any wide con-

sideration of the general welfare. Another reason is the comparative poverty of the people. The habitant has as a rule but little ready money, and it goes terribly against the grain to pay out anything for taxes, although he knows he will receive an almost immediate advantage from them. He has very little notion of doing or sacrificing anything for the general good, even while he shares in it. For example, the law requires every land-owner to keep the road in front of his property in order. In the villages where the houses are close together, the roads may be quite good, but outside of these they are liable to be as bad as they can be without being dangerous. They must inconvenience him very seriously before he will repair them.

Still another reason, and one that is especially demoralizing, is that the Government has been in the habit of making grants for roads, bridges, etc., for the purpose of political effect. Such practices are not at all unknown on the other side of the line, but they are more effectual in a small country than in a large one, and it is easier to see their workings. The supposed ability of a candidate for office to obtain grants for local purposes is a prime, and often the chief, factor in his popularity.

The average habitant voter has no political opinions worth the name. His vote depends on personal prejudices or private interests more than anything else. His talk on political matters mainly consists of abuse of the men of the opposite party. He has no principles as to public policy behind it, nor is he very sensitive to the wrong-doings or short-comings of his own party leaders. He will tell you that he has no great confidence in any of the leaders, but that there are some that he considers a little worse than the others. A priest from a back country parish I think expressed the feelings of the habitants quite

well when he said recently to a person supposed to have some influence with the Government, "My people don't care anything about the school question or the tariff or reciprocity or any of those things. What we want is three mails a week, and if we don't get them your party will not have a single vote in my parish at the next elections."

I heard that the man that I employed to work in the garden and do chores about the house, although not a voter, was a great political worker, and one day I thought I would chaff him a little. He admitted that he was accustomed to work for one of the parties, but that if I preferred that he should work for the other or not work at all he would do as I wished. I told him I did not care which party he worked for, which relieved his mind, for he said he was a poor man and wanted to earn what he could; and as he had worked for a long time for one party and always been well paid, he would like to continue to do so.

A certain amount of real property or its equivalent in the payment of rental or in the possession of fixed revenue is a necessary qualification for voters in this Province. The amount is small, but sufficient to exclude the votes of the utterly irresponsible.

Elections are conducted much more peaceably now than they were thirty years ago. I remember the time when gangs of roughs were engaged to go from place to place to see that votes for their employers were protected, and that others were not.

A man, now a carter, whom I occasionally employ, frankly regrets the time when his 185 pounds avoirdupois, his activity and considerable knowledge of "the manly art," were potent factors in election contests. In those days his services were sure to be retained by some-

body. Money seems to have taken the place of force, for I remember that out of 72 members returned as elected to Parliament at an election not very long ago, some 30 were unseated for bribery or "corrupt practices."

Great hopes are entertained of benefit from laws recently enacted regarding the purity of elections, and it is believed that some improvement has already taken place. Cases of contested elections in this country are tried by the courts, which is perhaps an improvement on the American plan.

Speaking of election or other fights, there are few French Canadians who have much pugilistic science. Their strong point is the rough-and-tumble scrimmage, where strength is of more account than science. In this kind of fighting the Canadian is no mean adversary. His power lies in his back, legs, and shoulders, and this he is always ready to exert. Indeed I very often get out of patience with the men because when they have a very heavy load to move they will not use the simplest mechanical contrivances, such as skids, levers, or rollers. They merely take hold and lift. It is harder, and in the end usually takes more time; but that is their fashion, and they will not bother with any other if they can avoid it. At the same time they arrange things with a good deal of ingenuity when it is really necessary.

Part IX

CHANSONS CANADIENNES

CHANSONS CANADIENNES

Of folk-lore as generally understood, in the way of local legends, I have found little, but the *contes* and the popular songs, of which there is a very large number, properly belong to this category. (Comparatively) Few of them have ever been printed in this country, but both words and music have come down by tradition. All of them (possibly with very rare exceptions) come from France, and few seem to have originated later than the 15th or 16th centuries. The airs are generally on a scale not now in use, and some of them are impossible to harmonize on correct musical principles without material change in the melody.

Partly from personal notation and partly through the courtesy of Mr. Ernest Gagnon of Quebec, who has made in his "Chansons Populaires" the largest collection that has yet been published, and to whom I acknowledge my indebtedness, I am able to give a few songs merely as specimens of hundreds of others. I have not attempted to select the best, but rather the most popular, or at all events those most familiar to me. On the same principle I give the words of some not always precisely as they may have been printed, but as I have been accustomed to hear them. Different persons rarely sing them precisely alike. Mr. Gagnon, in a note to me, puts this truly and concisely by saying that "in the matter of popular songs there are as many variations as there are throats."

"A la Claire Fontaine" is known and sung by every one. "*On n'est pas Canadien sans cela*," says Mr. Gagnon. (One is not a Canadian without that.) "Par

Derrière Chez Mon Père" is not less familiar. A version of this under the title "Vive la Canadienne" is played at concerts and the like in connection with "God Save the Queen" as the finale *de rigeur*, as sometimes also is "A la Claire Fontaine."

To the song "Mon Canard Blanc" or "Derrière Chez Nous Ya-t-un étang" various choruses are sung. The most popular is that lively and vigorous one, "En Roulant Ma Boule," known to every Canadian.

Another very taking chorus is the one, "C'est L'aviron Qui Nous Mene Qui Nous Monte." Widely known as it is, I could not find it in print, and was obliged to appeal to an old habitant for a correct version. When asked if he knew it he promptly replied that he knew that and two hundred and fifty others, and was with difficulty restrained from singing them all.

With other songs I include "Malbrouck S'en Va-t-en Guerre," not because it is very old, but because in one of its many versions it is so often heard. One of them is precisely the familiar air of "We Won't Go Home Till Morning," and another has been made famous by "Trilby." Neither of these, however, is the one most generally used.

The air of "Vive Napoléon" is very ancient and has undergone many changes. "Vive Napoléon" has been substituted for "Vive la Roi." The Canadians sing "Vive la Roi de la Reine," thus avoiding, says Mr. Gagnon, "the hiatus that would occur in singing 'le roi et la reine.'"

"Isabeau S'y Promène" is extremely quaint and pleasing.

If any person who has some, even a very slight, acquaintance with French and music, will take a little pains to notice how the words and music go together, and see with what vigor and swing they move, and the peculiar inter-

vals, he will, unless by chance he should already have heard the songs in their native or chosen habitat, find that a new source of enjoyment has been opened to him. To those who have not much knowledge of the subject it may be well to say that there need be no hesitation about strongly bringing out the final *e* when needed to fill out the measure when it would be mute in speech or prose. For example, in the chorus "Vole, Mon Cœur, Vole," Vole is used as a word of two syllables. In "A la Claire Fontaine" the final *es* have separate notes. Something of this, as is well known, is usual in all French music, but it is naturally more conspicuous in popular songs than in others.

Noise is of course a great factor in these songs, and the airs are pitched very high. There is no attempt at part singing. The voices are assumed to be in unison, though we must confess that they sometimes fail to hit the mark.

Doubtless the most enjoyable circumstances under which these songs can be given are those under which I have oftenest heard them — on canoeing voyages and around camp-fires. When two or more canoes are together on some quiet water, nothing is more delightful than to hear a voice from one of them start one of these songs, singing perhaps a couple of lines, which are repeated in chorus. Then may come more lines similarly echoed, and so on, the chorus forming by far the most important part of the performance. If the journey is a leisurely one, the song will very likely be "Isabeau S'y Promène," but if there is occasion for haste it will be "Derrière Chez Nous Ya-t-un étang," with the ringing chorus, "En Roulant Ma Boule." Around camp-fires the songs are not less fascinating than in the canoes. Perhaps this is owing somewhat to the state of mind of the listeners. It is sometimes surprising how feeble the strongest intellect will show itself to be when, after a day filled with varied out-

of-door pleasures, a man has eaten a supper that astonishes him, fallen back on a bed of branches, and stretched his feet out toward a cheerful blaze.

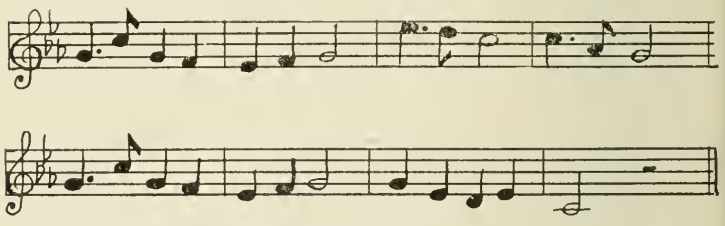
We once had a considerable party of staid and dignified college professors. After a round of Canadian songs, these serious minded gentlemen stood up and sang "Johnny Schmoker," "Was Macht der Herr Papa," and a lot more of the college songs of thirty or forty years ago! It was a pleasure to see these earnest scholars recalling their sophomore days, joining hands and singing "Gaudeamus Igitur" with all the enthusiasm of youth.

Another time when we camped in a pouring rain which dampened their clothes but not their spirits, two young ladies amused themselves by concocting and singing such stuff as this:

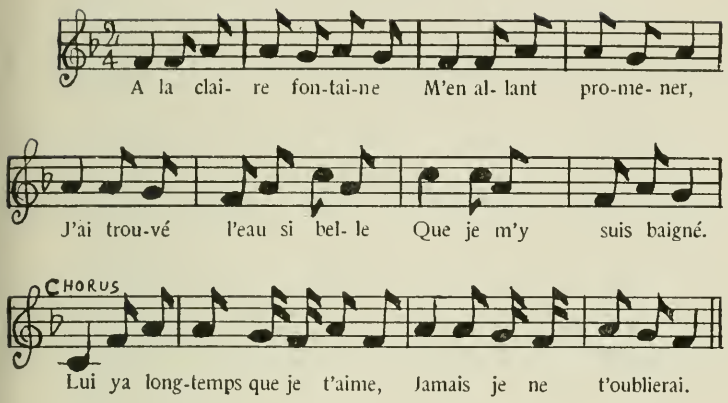
Hark, the rain is falling down,
Hear it splosh, hear it splosh!
It will make our denim gowns
Ready for the wash.

***

Hear one happy maiden cry
"Is it we? Is it we?"
Hear the other's quick reply,
"I do hope it be."



But this has nothing to do with the real programme. The usual "numbers" were such as the following:—

A la Claire Fontaine.

A la clai- re fon-tai-ne M'en al- lant pro-me- ner,
J'ai trou-vé l'eau si bel- le Que je m'y suis baigné.
CHORUS
Lui ya long-temps que je t'aime, Jamais je ne t'oublierai.

A la claire fontaine
M'en allant promener,
J'ai trouvé l'eau si belle
Que je m'y suis baigné.
*Lui ya longtemps que je t'aime,
Jamais je ne t'oublierai.

J'ai trouvé l'eau si belle
Que je m'y suis baigné;
Sous les feuilles d'un chêne
Je me suis fait sécher.
Lui ya longtemps, etc.

Sous les feuilles d'un chêne
Je me suis fait sécher;
Sur la plus haute branche
Le rossignol chantait.
Lui ya longtemps, etc.

Sur la plus haute branche
Le rossignol chantait.

* "Lui ya," old form for "Il-y-a."

Chante, rossignol, chante,
Toi qui as le cœur gai.
Lui ya longtemps, etc.

Chante, rossignol, chante,
Toi qui as le cœur gai;
Tu as le cœur à rire,
Moi je l'ai-t-à pleurer.
Lui ya longtemps, etc.

Tu as le cœur à rire,
Moi je l'ai-t-à pleurer;
J'ai perdu ma maîtresse
Sans l'avoir mérité.
Lui ya longtemps, etc.

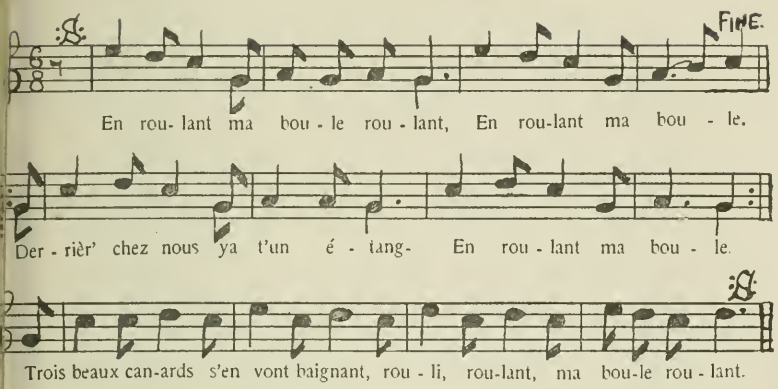
J'ai perdu ma maîtresse
Sans l'avoir mérité,
Pour un bouquet de roses
Que je lui refusai.
Lui ya longtemps, etc.

Pour un bouquet de roses
Que je lui refusai.
Je voudrais que la rose
Fût encore au rosier.
Lui ya longtemps, etc.

Je voudrais que la rose
Fût encore au rosier,
Je voudrais que le rosier
Fût à la mer jeté.
Lui ya longtemps, etc.

Je voudrais que le rosier
Fût à la mer jeté;
Je voudrais que la belle
Fût encore à m'aimer.
Lui ya longtemps, etc.

En Roulant Ma Boule.

st time solo. Energico.

FINE.
En rou- lant ma bou - le rou - lant, En rou-lant ma bou - le.
Der - rièr' chez nous ya t'un é - tang- En rou - lant ma bou - le.
Trois beaux can-ards s'en vont baignant, rou - li, rou-lant, ma bou-le rou - lant.

Trois beaux canards s'en vont baignant,
En roulant ma boule,
Le fils du roi s'en va chassant,
Rouli, roulant, ma boule roulant.—Ref.

Le fils du roi s'en va chassant,
En roulant ma boule,
Avec son grand fusil d'argent,
Rouli, roulant, ma boule roulant.—Ref.

Avec son grand fusil d'argent,
En roulant ma boule,
Visa le noir, tua le blanc,
Rouli, roulant, ma boule roulant.—Ref.

Visa le noir, tua le blanc,
En roulant ma boule,
O fils du roi, tu es méchant!
Rouli, roulant, ma boule roulant.—Ref.

O fils du roi, tu es méchant!
En roulant ma boule,
D'avoir tué mon canard blanc,
Rouli, roulant, ma boule roulant.—Ref.

D'avoir tué mon canard blanc,
En roulant ma boule,
Par dessous l'aîle il perd son sang,
Rouli, roulant, ma boule roulant.—Ref.

Par dessous l'aîle il perd son sang,
En roulant ma boule,
Par les yeux lui sort'nt des diamants,
Rouli, roulant, ma boule roulant.—Ref.

Par les yeux lui sort'nt des diamants,
En roulant ma boule,
Et par le bec l'or et l'argent,
Rouli, roulant, ma boule roulant.—Ref.

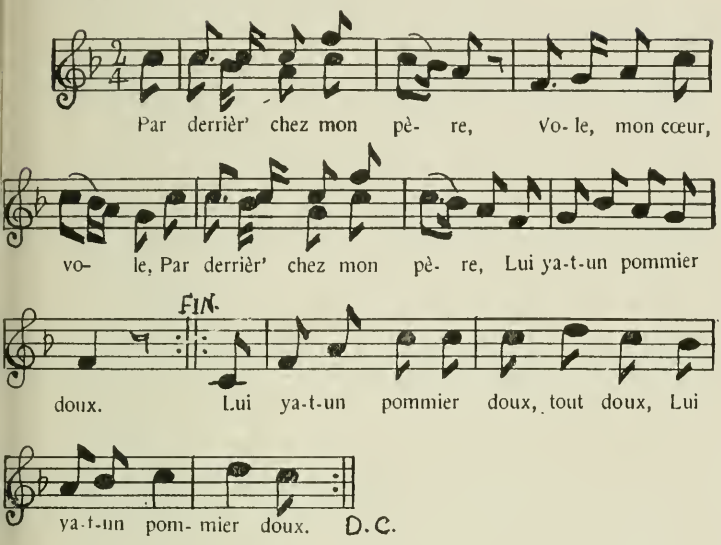
Et par le bec l'or et l'argent,
En roulant ma boule,
Toutes ses plum's s'en vont au vent,
Rouli, roulant, ma boule roulant.—Ref.

Toutes ses plum's s'en vont au vent,
En roulant ma boule,
Trois dam's s'en vont les ramassant,
Rouli, roulant, ma boule roulant.—Ref.

Trois dam's s'en vont les ramassant,
En roulant ma boule,
C'est pour en faire un lit de camp,
Rouli, roulant, ma boule roulant.—Ref.

C'est pour en faire un lit de camp,
En roulant ma boule,
Pour y coucher tous les passants,
Rouli, roulant, ma boule roulant.—Ref.

Par Derrièr' Chez Mon Père.

Sung first as a solo, then as a chorus.

Par derrièr' chez mon pè- re, Vo- le, mon cœur,
vo- le, Par derrièr' chez mon pè- re, Lui ya-t-un pommier
FIN.
doux. Lui ya-t-un pommier doux, tout doux, Lui
ya-t-un pom- mier doux. D.C.

Par derrièr' chez mon père,
Vole, mon cœur, vole,
Par derrièr' chez mon père
Lui ya-t-un pommier doux.
Lui ya-t-un pommier doux, tout doux,
Lui ya-t-un pommier doux.

Les feuilles en sont vertes,
Vole, mon cœur, vole,
Les feuilles en sont vertes
Et le fruit en est doux.
Et le fruit en est doux, tout doux,
Et le fruit en est doux.

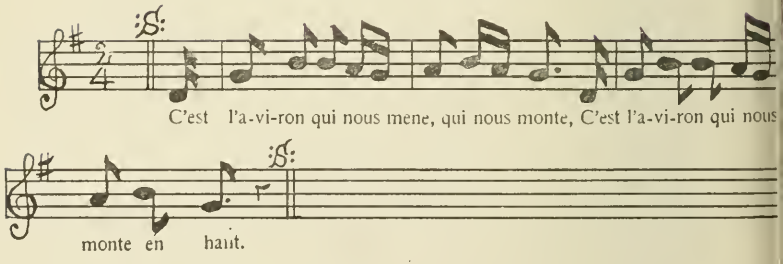
Trois filles d'un prince,
Vole, mon cœur, vole,

Trois filles d'un prince
Sont endormies dessous.
Sont endormies dessous, tout doux,
Sont endormies dessous.

La plus jeun' se réveille,
Vole, mon cœur, vole,
La plus jeun' se réveille :
—Ma sœur, voilà le jour.
Ma sœur, voilà le jour, tout doux,
Ma sœur, voilà le jour.

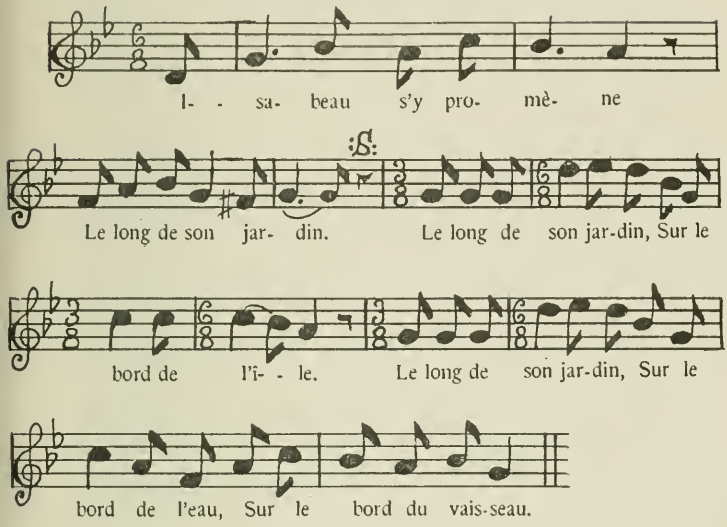
— Non, ce n'est qu'une étoile,
Vole, mon cœur, vole,
Non, ce n'est qu'une étoile
Qu'éclaire nos amours.
Qu'éclaire nos amours, tout doux,
Qu'éclaire nos amours.

C'est l'Aviron Qui Nous Mene.



Isabeau s'y Promène.

Solo first time to sign, then repeated by chorus.
Also from sign first time solo, then repeated by the chorus.


I- - sa- beau s'y pro- mè- ne
Le long de son jar- din. Le long de son jar-din, Sur le
bord de l'i- - le. Le long de son jar-din, Sur le
bord de l'eau, Sur le bord du vais-seau.

Elle s'aperçoit d'une barque
De trente matelots.
De trente matelots
Sur le bord de l'île, etc

Le plus jeune des trente,
Composait une chanson.
Composait une chanson
Sur le bord de l'île, etc.

—La chanson que tu chantes,
Je voudrais la savoir.
Je voudrais la savoir
Sur le bord de l'île, etc.

—Embarque dans ma barque,
Je te la chanterai.
Je te la chanterai
Sur le bord de l'île, etc.

Quand ell' fut dans la barque,
Ell' se mit à pleurer.
Ell' se mit à pleurer
Sur le bord de l'île, etc.

—Qu'avez-vous donc la belle,
Qu'a-vous à tant pleurer?
Qu'a-vous à tant pleurer
Sur le bord de l'île, etc.

—Je pleur' mon anneau d'ore,
Dans l'eau-z-il est tombé.
Dans l'eau-z-il est tombé
Sur le bord de l'île, etc.

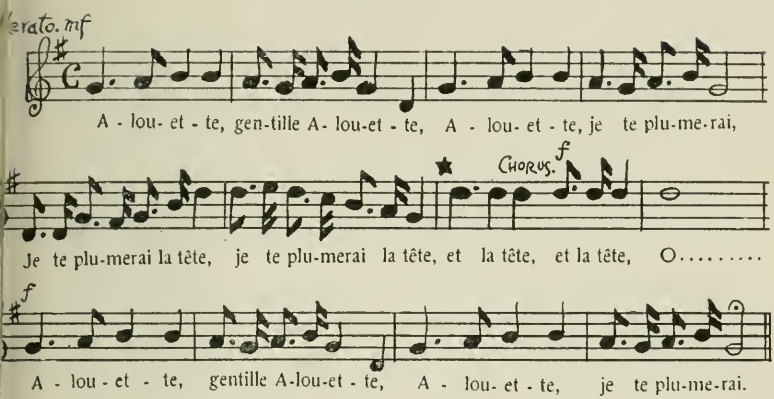
—Ne pleurez point la belle,
Je vous le plongerai.
Je vous le plongerai
Sur le bord de l'île, etc.

De la première plonge,
Il n'a rien ramené.
Il n'a rien ramené
Sur le bord de l'île, etc.

De la seconde plonge
L'anneau-z-a voltigé.
L'anneau-z-a voltigé
Sur le bord de l'île, etc.

De la troisième plonge
Le galant s'est noyé.
Le galant s'est noyé
Sur le bord de l'île,
Le galant s'est noyé
Sur le bord de l'eau,
Sur le bord du vaisseau.

Alouette.


Vivace. mf
A - lou- et - te, gen-tille A- lou-et - te, A - lou- et - te, je te plu-me-rai,
CHORUS. f
Je te plu-merai la tête, je te plu-merai la tête, et la tête, et la tête, O.....
f
A - lou - et - te, gentille A-lou-et - te, A - lou- et - te, je te plu-me-rai.

Alouette, gentille Alouette, Alouette, je te plumerai,
Je te plumerai le bec, je te plumerai le bec,
Et le bec, et le bec, et la tête, et la tête.—O, &c.

Alouette, gentille Alouette, Alouette, je te plumerai,
Je te plumerai le nez, je te plumerai le nez,
Et le nez, et le nez, et le bec, et le bec,
Et la tête, et la tête.—O, &c.

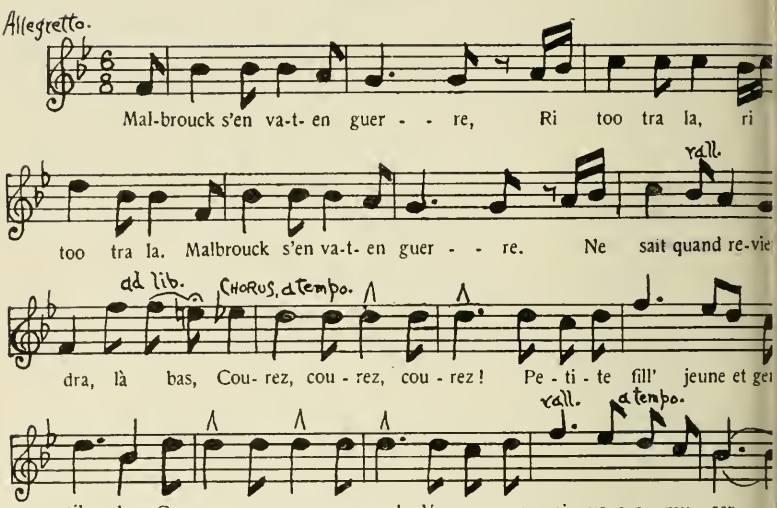
Alouette, gentille Alouette, Alouette, je te plumerai,
Je te plumerai le dos, je te plumerai le dos,
Et le dos, et le dos, et le nez, et le nez,
Et le bec, et le bec, et la tête, et la tête.—O, &c.

Alouette, gentille Alouette, Alouette, je te plumerai,
Je te plumerai les pattes, je te plumerai les pattes,
Et les pattes, et les pattes, et le dos, et le dos,
Et le nez, et le nez, et le bec, et le bec,
Et la tête, et la tête.—O, &c.

Alouette, gentille Alouette, Alouette, je te plumerai,
Je te plumerai le cou, je te plumerai le cou,
Et le cou, et le cou, et les pattes, et les pattes,
Et le dos, et le dos, et le nez, et le nez,
Et le bec, et le bec, et la tête, et la tête.—O, &c.

* Repeat this bar once for 2d verse, twice for 3d verse, etc.

Malbrouck.


Allegretto.
Mal-brouck s'en va-t- en guer - - re, Ri too tra la, ri
rall.
too tra la. Malbrouck s'en va-t- en guer - - re. Ne sait quand re-vie
ad lib.
CHORUS, a tempo.
dra, là bas, Cou- rez, cou - rez, cou - rez! Pe - ti - te fill' jeune et ge
rall.
a tempo.
til - le. Cou-rez, cou- rez, cou- rez! Ven - ez ce soir vous a - mu - ser....

Il reviendra-z-à Pâques,
Ri too tra la, etc.,
Il reviendra-z-à Pâques,
Ou à la Trinité, là bas.

La Trinité ce passe,
Ri too tra la, etc.,
La Trinité ce passe,
Malbrouck ne revient pas, là bas.

Madame à sa tour monte,
Ri too tra la, etc.,
Madame à sa tour monte,
Si haut qu'ell' peut monter, là bas.

Elle aperçoit son page,
Ri too tra la, etc.,
Elle aperçoit son page,
Tout de noir habillé, là bas.

"Beau page, ah ! mon beau page,
Quell' nouvelle apportez ?"

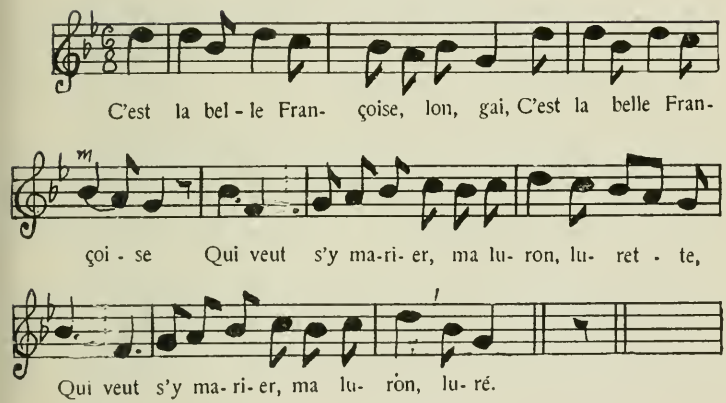
"Aux nouvell's que j'apporte,
Vos beaux yeux vont pleurer.

"Quittez vos habits roses,
Et vos satins brochés.

"Monsieur Malbrouck est mort,
Est mort et enterré.

"J'l'ai vu porter en terre,
Par quatre-z-officiers."

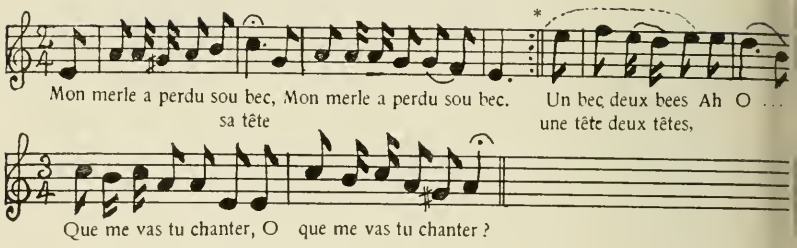
C'est la belle Françoise.


C'est la bel - le Fran- çoise, lon, gai, C'est la belle Fran-
çoi - se Qui veut s'y ma-ri- er, ma lu- ron, lu- ret - te,
Qui veut s'y ma- ri- er, ma lu- ron, lu- ré.

Son amant va la voire, lon, gai,
Son amant va la voire
Bien tard, après souper, ma luron, lurette,
Bien tard, après souper, ma luron, luré.

Il la trouva seulette, lon, gai,
Il la trouva seulette
Sur son lit, qui pleurait, ma luron, lurette,
Sur son lit, qui pleurait, ma luron, luré.

Mon Merle a Perdu Son Bec.


Mon merle a perdu sou bec, Mon merle a perdu sou bec.
sa tête
Un bec deux bees Ah O ...
une tête deux têtes,
Que me vas tu chanter, O que me vas tu chanter ?

Mon merle a perdu sa tête,
Mon merle a perdu sa tête.
Une tête, deux têtes, un bec, deux becs, Ah, O, etc.

Mon Merle a perdu un œil,
Mon Merle a perdu un œil.
Un œil, deux yeux, une tête, deux têtes,
Un bec, deux becs, Ah, O, etc.

Mon merle a perdu son cou,
Mon merle a perdu son cou.
Un cou, deux cous, un œil, deux yeux,
Une tête, deux têtes, un bec, deux becs, Ah, O, etc.

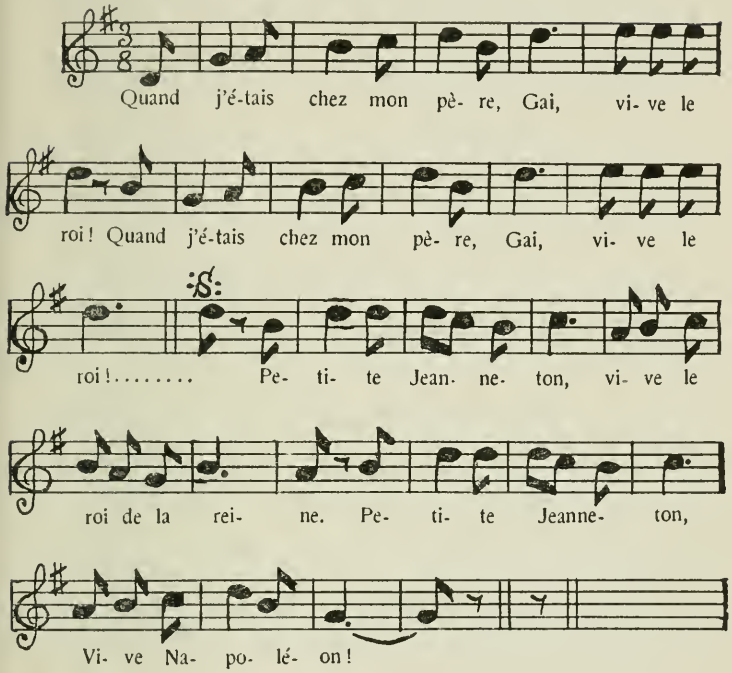
Mon merle a perdu son dos,
Mon merle a perdu son dos.
Un dos, deux dos, un cou, deux cous,
Un œil, deux yeux, une tête, deux têtes,
Un bec, deux becs, Ah, O, etc.

Mon merle a perdu une patte,
Mon merle a perdu une patte.
Une patte, deux pattes, un dos, deux dos,
Un cou, deux cous, un œil, deux yeux,
Une tête, deux têtes, un bec, deux becs, Ah, O, etc.

* Repeat this bar once for 2d verse, twice for 3d verse, etc.

Vive Napoléon.

Sung first as a solo to sign, then repeated as chorus.
From sign, sung first as a solo, then repeated as chorus.


Quand j'é-tais chez mon pè- re, Gai, vi- ve le
roi! Quand j'é-tais chez mon pè- re, Gai, vi- ve le
S:
roi!..... Pe- ti- te Jean- ne- ton, vi- ve le
roi de la rei- ne. Pe- ti- te Jeanne- ton,
Vi- ve Na- po- lé- on!

M'envoi'-t-à la fontaine } (*bis*)
Gai, vive le roi ! }
Petite Jeanneton, vive le roi de la reine.
Petite Jeanneton,
Vive Napoléon !

Pour pêcher du poisson, } (*bis*)
Gai, vive le roi ! }
Petite Jeanneton, *etc.*

La fontaine est profonde, } (*bis*)
Gai, vive le roi ! }
Petite Jeanneton, *etc.*

J'me suis coulée au fond, } (*bis*)
Gai, vive le roi ! }
Petite Jeanneton, *etc.*

Par ici-t-il y passe } (*bis*)
Gai, vive le roi ! }
Petite Jeanneton, *etc.*

Trois cavaliers barons, } (*bis*)
Gai, vive le roi ! }
Petite Jeanneton, *etc.*

—Que donneriez-vous, belle, } (*bis*)
Gai, vive le roi ! }
Petite Jeanneton, *etc.*

Qui vous tir'rait du fond ? } (*bis*)
Gai, vive le roi ! }
Petite Jeanneton, *etc.*

—Tirez, tirez, dit-elle } (*bis*)
Gai, vive le roi ! }
Petite Jeanneton, *etc.*

Après ça, nous verrons . . } (*bis*)
Gai, vive le roi ! }
Petite Jeanneton, *etc.*

Quand la bell' fut tirée, } (*bis*)
Gai, vive le roi ! }
Petite Jeanneton, *etc.*

S'en fut à la maison, } (*bis*)
Gai, vive le roi ! }
Petite Jeanneton, *etc.*

Part X

LANGUAGE—EDUCATION

LANGUAGE—EDUCATION

I HAVE often been asked if the French spoken here is not a mere *patois*, which the ordinary student of French could not be expected to understand. I am not a French scholar, but I do not think that the language of the Canadians differs greatly from that spoken by persons of the same degree of education in France. Cultivated persons use good, and ignorant persons use bad, French here as well as there.

Aside from individual peculiarities there appears to me to be less difference between the written and the spoken language than might be expected. The formation of the verbs tends, in a measure, to keep the variations within certain limits. I know one man who always says, "*Je ma y aller*," in the sense of "I am just going there;" but this is scarcely worse than "I am just going to go," often heard both in Canada and the United States. But if the same man wanted to say he was *not* going he would use a correct form. Another colloquial form with the same meaning, "*Ma y aller*" (without the *Je*), is very common. Both expressions are old corruptions from "*Je vais y aller*."

Mr. E. Gagnon cites a delightfully incorrect expression—"*Espérez un instant, ma y aller quand et vous*," meaning, "Wait a moment and I will go along with you." *Espérez* (hope) is used here, as it very often is, in the sense of *attendez* (wait), and I have often wondered when and how *to hope* should have come to be considered the equivalent of *to wait*. "*Quand et vous*" is equally diffi-

cult to translate exactly. Perhaps a better rendering of the whole phrase would be, "Wait a moment, I will go there when you go," the idea being that two persons would go together merely for companionship, whereas *avec vous* (with you) might imply for aid, or for some definite purpose.

In some of the parishes where the Acadians expelled from Nova Scotia settled, there are many expressions not found elsewhere, and the pronunciation is somewhat peculiar. The speech of the people of the Eastern Townships differs also from that of those on the north side of the St. Lawrence. On the lower St. Lawrence many curious forms and expressions are in common use. Perhaps this may be accounted for in part by the fact that a regiment of Highland Scotch troops, disbanded at Quebec, settled along that shore. They inter-married with the Canadians and no doubt interpolated into the French, that of necessity became habitual to them, many English and some Gaelic forms of speech. The words that they used were French, but their idioms and constructions were foreign. Since that time, however, some of these peculiarities have worn away. It may be interesting to note in passing that there are now to be found in that region many persons with distinctly Scotch names, and features which show evidence of Scotch descent, yet who cannot speak a word of anything but French.

Many English words have been incorporated into the language; especially, here as everywhere else, in connection with machinery and modes of communication. The French people about here commonly say "railroad" and "steamboat," but usually put a stress on the last word of the compound, as if the expression were not quite natural to the language, and quotation marks were implied. The railway men say "switch," and I have even heard a

half-anglicized Canadian say "*shunter*" (English to shunt, American to switch, a train or car). A man at work for me once said that a certain person was "*malaisé à beater*" (hard to beat). When his attention was called to some holes in the board he was using, he said "*Je vais les plugger*" (I am going to plug them up), although the common French *battre* and *boucher* would have served equally well. He took the words *beat* and *plug*, added "er," and used them as French, without any reason whatever.

The following will show how foreign words may find their way into a language: At our fishing camp we use many baked beans. Now the French for beans is *fêves*, but baked beans are called simply "beans." Our cook will frequently ask if he is to "*mettre tremper des fêves pour faire de beans*," that is, put some beans in soak to make some *beans*. So, baked beans will be *beans* in French, while the unbaked article will continue to be *fêves*. I believe that the same use of the words prevails in most of the lumbering camps.

Our habitant would not recognize potatoes as "*pommes de terre;*" he would call them *patates*, or more likely *patakes*. He would not say *froid* for cold, but *frette*. An expression that will strike a stranger as being rather curious is one that sounds almost precisely like *yank*. It is evolved from "*rien que*" (only) as in *rien qu' un* (only one), *rien que deux* (only two), spoken as "yank *un*," "yank *deux*." The hearer will quickly catch the speaker's meaning, but it will puzzle him to know what the word is.

In spite of all these changes and variations (and a living language, like any other living thing, is constantly undergoing change) I think the language holds its original purity very well. A very intelligent Canadian lady, after a considerable residence in France, told me that she found

the speech of the common people better here than there, and that of the best Canadian speakers equal to that of the best French.

The language brought here by the higher classes was largely that of the French Court, and that brought by the lower classes largely that of Normandy, which was good. The number of professional men, officers, priests, lawyers, notaries, and others, has always been extremely large in proportion to the population, and the modes of speech of so many educated persons must have had some influence on the language of the rest.

The language of the common people may be rude and ungrammatical, as might be expected, but it is not by any means a *patois*. It may be more the French of two hundred years ago than that of to-day, but it is still French, and not bad French.

Most of the English residents here speak French more or less. If their accents and grammar are generally incorrect, they use the language with readiness and fluency. There are thousands of men who habitually do business in either language, apparently without the slightest preference. Children playing together often speak English to one and French to another in the same breath. I have often heard a child of five years talk English to its father and French to the person at its side. In some households the two languages are spoken indiscriminately, as any trifling circumstance may turn the current of expression into one form or the other.

The English of French speakers is generally less fluent than the French of English speakers. There are very few of either race who can speak the language of the other with equal ease and elegance.

Among literary men there are many who have done exceedingly good work in translating from one language

to the other, though not necessarily speaking both languages fluently. I know of nothing finer in the way of translating English into French than Mr. Louis Fréchette's version of Mr. Howells' "A Chance Acquaintance," entitled "Un Rencontre." In translation of French into English Prof. C. D. G. Roberts' rendering of "Les Anciens Canadiens," entitled "The Canadians of Old," leaves little to be desired. Another translation of the same book, by Mrs. Pennee, is considered by some to be equally fine.

Formerly the education of the common people was greatly neglected, if not positively discouraged. Within twenty-five or thirty years I have heard it argued and seen it claimed in a Canadian newspaper that general education was neither necessary nor desirable. Since that time a great change has taken place, and the school system of the Province is now pronounced excellent. No child of the rising generation, unless in some very remote settlement, can have any excuse for not knowing at least how to read and write. A school teacher of my acquaintance gives me the following sketch of the organization of the educational facilities in the Province. He refers of course to the French schools:

"The Canadian schools are directed by a committee of Public Instruction composed of the Bishop and Priests of the Diocese of Quebec, having for its President at this time the Hon. Gideon Ouimet, who acts as Superintendent and oversees the working of all the schools of the Province.

"The schools are divided into three principal classes:

"1st. Academical Schools.

"2d. Model Schools.

"3d. Elementary Schools.

"The local [Provincial] Government gives annually to

each Model school a sum equal to two-thirds of the sum received by the Secretary-Treasurer of each city or village, for school purposes. (The proceeds of a special tax on all tax payers.)

"It pays also a certain sum besides for each Elementary school, based on the number of children of school age.

"In each parish there is established a body of school commissioners whose duty it is to build school houses and establish schools in each *arrondissement* where there is sufficient population. It is their duty also to engage teachers and fix their salaries.

"In cities the salary of a Professor in an Academical school is from four to five hundred dollars per year, of a teacher in a Model school, from two to three hundred, and in an Elementary school, from a hundred to a hundred and fifty dollars. (In the country parishes the salaries of Model and Elementary school teachers are considerably less.)

"The Professors in Academical schools are required to teach the Greek, Latin, English, and French languages, the histories of France, England, and the United States, drawing, and bookkeeping by single and double entry.

"In the Model schools the French and English languages, mental arithmetic, algebra, geometry, the histories of France and England, the history of Canada, Sacred history and the history of the Church, freehand drawing, composition, and bookkeeping by single and double entry.

"In the Elementary schools education is commenced by teaching the alphabet, a task very difficult and tiresome in the career of the teacher. The spelling and putting together of the words follows, then figures and the first ideas of arithmetic. The teacher requires courage and perseverance before his young pupils are able to tell him how much a certain sum will amount to with interest compounded for ten years.

"The average number of pupils for each teacher in a village is from twenty to thirty.

"After ten years' service every teacher has the right to draw from the Government, in case of sickness, one-fifth of the average annual salary that he has received during the time, for the whole term of his illness.

"After thirty-five years' service every teacher has the right to a pension equal to the whole average annual salary that he has received. This pension continues during his life, and if he dies leaving a widow she continues to receive for her lifetime one-half of that sum.

"To be entitled to this pension, however, the teacher must pay annually to the pension fund of the Government two per cent. of his salary during his term of service.

"The special tax imposed on all holders of real estate for school purposes cannot be less than five or more than fifty cents per hundred dollars. Each head of a family also pays for each child attending school not less than five or over fifty cents per month. Books and articles necessary for the pupils are furnished by the parents.

"The general and personal taxes are fixed by the school commissioners, and collected by the Secretary-Treasurer of the municipality. It is his duty also to instruct the commissioners as to their duties, to give notices of meetings of the municipal council (which are usually held once a month), and to be generally the organ of communication between the municipal Government and the public."

In many of the larger parishes teachers are employed from some one of several Brotherhoods, of which there are various orders that devote themselves mainly or wholly to teaching. They are employed very cheaply. In a neighboring and quite large village all the boys are given into the charge of four of these Brothers, who contract for

the whole for seven hundred dollars a year. The men are provided with buildings by the municipality, but pay all their own expenses. Three of them only are teachers, the other being the cook and general servant. Being bound to poverty they can work cheaply.

In that village there are no schools for girls except at the convent. Day scholars pay fifty cents per month for tuition. Boarders pay about five dollars per month.

In many parishes it is difficult to find a sufficient number of suitable persons who can read and write to act as school commissioners. I have heard some amusing anecdotes of a commissioner's experience in that capacity. In one case the little girls brought their copy books to show their improvement in writing, when the poor man could not tell whether the books were held right side or wrong side up.

The commissioners, however, with the aid of the curé and the Secretary-Treasurer, usually look well after their business, and an inefficient commissioner would probably find no more favor with his neighbors than a committeeman of the same stamp in a New England village.

The trouble of course is that the great majority of children leave school much too young, and soon forget all they have learned. Two men in my employ, both young and of fair capacity, who once attended school long enough to learn to read, are now only able to study out simple sentences with difficulty.

The girls derive, or at least retain, more advantage from their school instruction than the boys. In the farmer's family it is usually a daughter who keeps the accounts and conducts the correspondence. When fresh from school or convent she writes and expresses herself rather well, but she too forgets, and is glad to give the pen and ink over to her own daughter as soon as she has one old enough to take charge of them.

It is hardly necessary to say that instruction is really given in only a few of the somewhat formidable list of subjects required of teachers in the Model schools. As the schools are under the special supervision of the clergy, a large part of the school hours is devoted to prayers and religious exercises and the teaching of duties toward the Church.

While a certain small amount of education is much more general than formerly, there is no very noticeable change in degree. There is one thing taught, however, that is not in the curriculum, and that might be introduced to advantage in many American schools, and that is good manners. They are taught not only in the schools, but everywhere else, and the lessons learned in childhood are not forgotten in after life. Especially noticeable is the respect of youth for age. Many other nations might well learn from Canadians that politeness is not obsequiousness, nor courtesy servility.

In parishes where there is a sufficient number of Protestant tax payers they may dissent and establish separate schools. If there are not more than three they can likewise dissent and pay their taxes to dissentient schools elsewhere. School taxes of incorporated companies go to the support of Roman Catholic schools. As comparatively little time is given to religious exercises in the dissentient schools—although they have always some such—they are, as a rule, far more efficient as regards secular education than the others.

A few facts indicate progress in the matter of education.

Our parish numbers about eighteen hundred souls, and has not materially varied from that number in thirty-five years, emigration having absorbed all the natural increase and a trifle more.

In 1861 the sale of stamps at the post office for the

three months of September, October, and November, amounted to about eleven dollars. At present the sales are from forty to forty-five dollars monthly.

In 1861 only five or six daily papers were received by subscribers. Now thirty copies of dailies are distributed, and eighteen weeklies. (I refer to French papers only, and I think my informant must have neglected to count some semi-weekly and tri-weekly papers.)

There were then two French schools in the parish where now there are six. The regular attendance is also larger.

We have, included in the above population, about one hundred and fifty English speaking people, who support two additional schools.

These figures show a great gain in the general intelligence, but they are somewhat deceptive, after the manner of statistics generally.

My reckoning would give (nearly) one French daily paper to eleven families (of five persons each) in the parish. But it happens that they are all received in the village, which numbers at least sixty families, and of these six persons (or families) receive not less than twelve, leaving only eighteen dailies for the other fifty-four.

The weeklies give about one paper to every fifteen families of the agricultural population.

I do not vouch for the entire exactness of my calculations, but they give a tolerably fair approximation. My information is derived mainly from post office returns. Emigration and certain local causes account largely for the great increase in the sale of stamps.

Part VII

CONVEYANCES

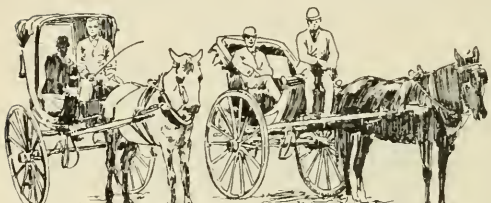
CONVEYANCES

THE modes of conveyance in Canada are as peculiar as the rest of its adjuncts of civilization.

As a winter vehicle for common use on country roads there is nothing that answers so well as the old-fashioned cariole. It is neither handsome nor capacious, but can stand work that would wreck a New England sleigh very quickly, and at the same time is extremely comfortable. It sits low, on solid wooden runners about two inches thick, to which the shafts are attached by rings some two and a half inches in diameter, thus giving them a considerable amount of play, which is oftentimes a great advantage. The traces of the harness are fastened directly to the shafts, so that the draught comes where it is most immediately needed. The arrangement is probably not so easy for the horse as where whiffletrees are used. The back of the cariole is high, protecting the passenger from cold winds. When two seats are used the forward one is a foot higher than the other and not more than four inches wide. The driver is thus always ready to stand up, or to throw his weight to one side of the vehicle or the other, as occasion demands.

Well ensconced in furs, with a good horse and a good driver (*charretier*—translated "charioteer" by one of my friends) the passenger may settle himself in a cariole for a long drive without anxiety. He need not concern himself much about his driver, who will be a hardy person, well wrapped up and accustomed to all weathers.

There is one good thing about travelling in Canada, and that is that in almost every village of the slightest importance there may be found in winter or summer from two to half a dozen of these "charioteers" ready to drive the traveller wherever he wants to go, and at very reasonable prices.



The old fashioned *calêche* has entirely gone out of use in this region, having been supplanted by the buckboard. In the very hilly country east of Quebec it is still in use. In the city of Quebec also many are employed as hackney vehicles, and few tourists think their visit complete without a ride in one of them.

1790

Old Cariole, 1790

The buckboard is in common use in the country. It is not at all like the well-known Adirondack buckboard, but is the simplest kind of a vehicle. The seat, which is double (facing back and front), is placed in the middle of its length, and as the only spring comes from the springiness of the boards, sometimes there is considerable

jolting; but for regular travelling over rough roads it is more useful and convenient than almost any other carriage.

In speaking of means of conveyance the snowshoe must not be forgotten. Everybody knows what snowshoes are, and not a few wonder how anybody can walk with them. They are an embarrassment of course, but less inconvenient than might be supposed. On an unbroken sheet of snow, two, three, or four feet deep the snowshoe is a necessity. If the snow is firm and hard the shoe will leave only a slight track, but if the snow is light and soft it will sink some inches, although it will always find sufficient support somewhere. The required step is so different from an ordinary walk that the movement is at first fatiguing, but one soon becomes accustomed to it. It ought not to be supposed, however, that snowshoes are an indispensable part of every Canadian's ordinary foot-gear. Farmers and villagers who seldom go far into the woods or fields in winter rarely make use of them.

For the snowshoe no substitute has ever been proposed. The Norwegian ski would not answer at all well in this country. A first-rate pair of snowshoes is a rare treasure. If the rawhide netting is not well stretched and bags under the foot when the snow is a bit soft or damp, it makes hard work, and is a perpetual annoyance. If you get a pair that is strong, light, and springy, take good care of them. Dozens of plans for fastening on the shoes have been contrived, but the practised snowshoer will have none of them. He sticks to the old plan of fastening with leather thongs, and will not bother with straps and buckles.

The three articles, the cariole, the snowshoe, and the bark canoe, answer the purposes for which they are made better than anything else yet invented. The bark canoe can be equalled or surpassed in every respect but one, and that is the convenience with which it can be repaired in case of accident, with materials always at hand. With other materials canoes may be built both stronger and lighter in proportion to their carrying capacity, but they are not so easily mended if they meet with a serious mishap. With a piece of bark from the nearest birch tree, a bit of gum, and the long slender root of the spruce, the experienced canoeman can repair almost any amount of damage.

In country villages dogs were formerly often used for drawing moderate loads, but nowadays their principal occupation in that line is the amusement of the small boys, who delight in harnessing them up and driving them. The dogs, too, enjoy the fun, and like a race as well as their young masters. A large dog is quite a powerful animal, and can draw on a sled or toboggan, if he has good footing, fully as much as a man. An Indian has been known to start out with his team of four dogs harnessed tandem, drawing a load consisting of a barrel of pork, two barrels of flour, some small parcels and himself on top of all. Some may remember when the usual manner of distributing milk to customers in Quebec was from hand-carts managed by a woman who held the shafts, aided by a dog harnessed to the axle-tree. The use of dogs for such purposes is now forbidden in the

cities. An old friend who happened to see the drawing from which the following cut was made remarked, "Yes, that is just the way they used to steal my wood when I lived out on the Gomin road."

Part VIII

SOME NATIONAL CHARACTERISTICS

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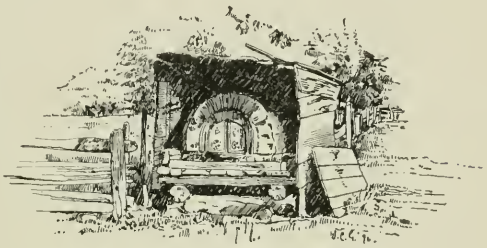
Many visitors to Canada are amused to see the out-of-door ovens that are common all through the country. They are much of the same size and nature as the old-fashioned brick ovens of New England, but are usually built of clay and set on posts or frame work of timber at a little distance from buildings. Commonly they have some kind of a roof over them. They have no flues, the smoke of the fires for heating escaping through the open doors.



Most of the people, when not too far away, buy their bread from the bakers, but nearly all farmers have an oven for occasional use. Some families make their own bread for the sake of economy, although the baker's profits are small and his bread is almost always good and wholesome. Country shopkeepers keep bread on sale as surely as a New England shopkeeper keeps flour. The loaves weigh six pounds each, and are made from a flour that does not dry and so crumble quickly. Warm bread is almost never used, and pastry but little. Neither are oatmeal or cornmeal cooked. I find my men in the woods like oatmeal when I have it, but they would never think of providing it for themselves. It is the same with baked

beans. The men are always fond of them, but I have rarely known a Canadian family to cook them. In large lumbering camps, however, of late years they are very much used, although the favorite dish is still the traditional pea-soup.

While most of the people may be considered poor we see but little positive suffering among them, and cases of really grinding, degrading poverty are extremely rare. We have no almshouses; but aged or infirm persons or those without friends to support them are sometimes cared for in the hospitals. There are not many such, for as families are large there is almost always some one able and willing to furnish subsistence to an unfortunate relative, and the people generally are helpful to each other. There is no immigration into the Province, and there are, therefore, no friendless or helpless foreigners to be supported at the public expense. If one of the poor of the parish meets with special misfortune by fire or accident, so that he is really in distress, a couple of his neighbors will often appoint themselves a committee to go about and collect supplies for his benefit, and rarely return without their sleigh well filled with provisions.

Beggars, duly provided with certificates from their curés that they are worthy objects of charity, are not infrequent, and seem to consider themselves a privileged class. They go about from house to house—opening any door without knocking—asking for charity "*pour l'amour du bon Dieu*," and going on to dilate on their claims to benevolence, to which no one pays any attention. The housewife goes in search of the one cent which is the usual amount given, and if she finds nothing less than a five or a ten cent piece she coolly asks the beggar to change it for her, which he is usually able to do. Many of these beg-

gars have certain routes that they follow, and make their turns at regular intervals.

That Canadians are kind hearted is shown by this treatment of their poor, and their hospitality is well known. From the highest to the lowest the acquaintance or the stranger who comes to their doors is welcomed to the best the house can afford. If they were not gay and light hearted they would not be French, although the manifestations of their gayety are perhaps tempered by climate and other conditions.

Polite they are, almost invariably to strangers, and generally among themselves. In all the writer's experience among them he has never, whether in city, country, or in the woods, met with anything but courtesy, and has rarely witnessed unaccountable rudeness. Only under the excitement of drink are serious quarrels common. One way they may be considered quarrelsome, but their quarrels are such as result in law suits rather than in bodily injuries. They seem to be very fond of going to law. They are somewhat free in accusing each other of tricks and dishonest dealings in small affairs, to which they may be somewhat inclined, though possibly not more so than some other nationalities. A cord of wood will not invariably be of full measure here any more than is a ton of coal or of ice always of full weight in New York. The maple sugar that I receive for rents of trees is not always the best that the man makes, or free from an admixture of flour or other foreign substance; but neither do we always find elsewhere that the worst apples are on the top of the barrel, or that the quart box of strawberries is certain to hold two pints. There are rogues in all countries. On the whole, the honest habitant in Canada is probably equally as honest as the honest farmer elsewhere.

I have been told that the most ingenious tricks in the

way of petty cheating are those played or attempted by jobbers of logs in the woods in trying to pass off poor logs as good ones. Some that I have heard of were really masterpieces of trickery. The culler, if he knows his business, is always on the watch for them, and is fairly sure to find them out; and the curious part of it is that the jobber is not in the least ashamed when his trick is detected.

Although comparatively few of the men are total abstainers, yet drunkenness is not so general that it can be considered to be a national vice. In almost every village there will most likely be some more or less given to drink, but the great majority are altogether temperate, taking a glass or two occasionally, but never drinking to excess. Licenses are required for the sale of intoxicating liquors, and in most country parishes none are granted. In some places where there is a good deal of travel an innkeeper may be licensed to sell to guests but not to the public. This does not prove, however, that at special occasions,—New Year's visits, heated elections, and the like,—liquors are not important features.

The people are mainly industrious, but to a New Englander would not seem to be hard worked. Mechanics do not try to turn out the most and the best work possible, but only enough to live on, and just a little more if the chance comes. Their habits being simple and their living cheap, they are satisfied with little, and social ambitions do not trouble them much. The ambitious youth goes to the cities, where he aspires to be a notary, a lawyer, a politician, or, best of all, because safest and not usually demanding arduous exertions, a Government employé. If he goes into mercantile life he generally manages to hold a fair position, and some of the largest and best of the commercial houses in Quebec are entirely Canadian; but heavy

corporate enterprises are generally controlled by other nationalities.

I have alluded in Part VIII to the emigration to the "States" as a common method among young and enterprising men and women of bettering their condition. This emigration became so common as to alarm the Government, and a few years ago strong efforts were made to induce the re-patriation of emigrants. These have lately abated, and there would seem to be no occasion for them. As the French population regularly doubles in less than thirty years, it would seem to be a sufficient problem to provide for the increase. Where some two and a half millions of people in 1920 and five millions in 1950 are to find homes in this province, is not quite clear. There is land enough for them all, but only a small proportion of it is desirable. The farming here is only poorly remunerative at best. Diversified occupations and industries will absorb a good many, but it looks as if emigration would need to continue to be large.

That a hardy, temperate, prudent, and fairly industrious people should not, even if not particularly energetic or ambitious, have made some progress, could hardly be possible. Those who knew the Canadian people forty or fifty years ago will easily see a difference now.

My personal intercourse with the people began in my boyhood, and for the last ten years I have lived almost entirely among them. I have always found them civil, obliging, and excellent neighbors. I could (and did) heartily join with an English speaking Canadian friend who summed up a discussion of their qualities by saying they were "not a bad lot."

I am not blind to some defects in the national character; but neither, I hope, do I fail to recognize their many good qualities. I would rather write pages about these

than give a single line of ungracious criticism to a people among whom I have found so many friends, and been so kindly treated.

Some Americans seem to have the idea that the French Canadians still have an attachment to France and are not loyal to Great Britain. This is a mistake. It is true that the loyalty of the common people is of rather a neutral character and perhaps would not stand a great strain, but they have no attachment to France beyond that almost inseparable from a common race, language, and religion. As individuals they seem rather to dislike the French when brought into contact with them. Our good Nazaire, who is not at all a bad type of the Canadian habitant, cordially detests them, as do many others whom I have met.

The Canadians have no reason for disloyalty to Britain. All their rights have been well respected, and they have received their full share—many Englishmen think far too large a share—of honors and favors from the Crown. Provincial politicians sometimes think or pretend to think otherwise, but their claims are probably put forward mainly with the hope of securing some personal popularity among their compatriots. It is only fair to say that the people generally pay comparatively little attention to these politicians. They know there is little or nothing of which they can reasonably complain, and they are quite well contented under British rule, and appreciate the advantages they derive from it. They do not like the Englishman any more than do other conquered races, but they get along very well with him and try to get all they can out of him.

The general sentiment was quite well expressed in the reply of a priest to an English lady who wished to know the feelings of the clergy towards the British Govern-

ment: "We are quite well satisfied so long as you let us alone."

A trifling circumstance may give an idea how little some of the people know or care about their British connection. I told an employé that I expected certain visitors on the Queen's Birthday (*La fête de la Reine*). He replied: "*La fête de la Reine, c'est la 4 Juillet, n'est-ce pas?*" (The Queen's Birthday, that is the 4th of July, is it not?) He was not less intelligent than three quarters of the men of his class, although it is probable that the majority would know that the two dates were not the same. But few, however, would know why the 1st of July (Dominion Day) is a Canadian festival, and very few indeed know why Americans celebrate the 4th of July. Official efforts to make the people look upon Dominion Day as an important point in their history entirely fail of effect with the people in general.

Of annexation sentiment there is little worth mentioning. Most of the people think Canada would be more prosperous under the United States Government, but the feeling is not strong enough to make them seek to disturb the existing order of things.

Part VIII

A WINTER EXCURSION

A WINTER EXCURSION

My brother and I have a commodious fishing camp or lodge on the shore of Lake Clair, already mentioned, to which we often make excursions. Though these visits are not properly Canadian Life, yet it is largely through them that we have come into close contact with our habitant friends. I therefore make no apologies for including in this volume the story of one of my first excursions to our camp with my family. The cabin was then a small and simple affair, but has since grown considerably, responding to the constantly increasing demands of our friends.

After one of my visits to the lake I said at home that the next time I went I would take my little girls along. They had already been on a camping expedition with me the previous autumn, and well remembered its delights.

The novelty of camping in winter pleased them, and they were ready to try it. I began to attempt to back out of my agreement, but it was too late. I was compelled to admit that there were no insurmountable obstacles in the way. The lumbermen had opened roads by which we could drive to the very door of the cabin. This was a round-about way, but there was a much shorter one, though part must be done on foot. The girls were not afraid of snow-shoes, however ; they had been amusing themselves with them for weeks. Moreover, they were young, fresh, and vigorous. The prospect of a long walk did not disturb them in the least. Of course I gave way, and their mother, whose joining the expedition was quite out of the question, did the same.

We decided on the shorter route for ourselves and the

longer one for the baggage and provisions. While we were making preparations there came on a heavy thaw. Soft weather in the month of January, with torrents of rain and occasional thunder-storms, lasted nearly a week. Such a time was never known in the country before. The ice gorged in many places, and the rivers overflowed

their banks for miles. Some houses were half under water, and people went about in boats.

Of course we waited for cold weather, and in good time it came. When at length we were ready to start we did not complain of the cold, although the thermometer stood at ten below zero. We dress and prepare for cold weather, and it must be very cold indeed to prevent us from going about. In fact, we experience less discomfort from twenty or even forty degrees below freezing than from one of our New England northeasterly storms, when the thermometer is scarcely at the freezing point. Snow-storms one expects and does not mind them much unless they are extremely severe and with high winds. Once in a while, however, one comes that blocks up everything for days together.

Our delay had given so much time to talk of our excursion, that several of our friends accepted our invitation to visit us at the camp. We promised to accommodate them all, if they would not come too many at once. We could offer a nice bed to each of six persons, but beyond that, age, sex, and condition might interfere with convenient lodging. The little girls proposed to sleep two in a bed, and even larger ones offered to submit to the same inconvenience rather than not go.

It was strange how the idea of a winter camping party fascinated them. Soon the question came to be, not who should go, but who would be obliged to stay at home.

I decided to take along my little camp-stove and my faithful old double tent that had never failed to give me all the room I wanted. Not too large for two or too small for six—he who is not happy in it is not a woodsman, and I do not want him with me.

A tent in mid-winter, especially for a sleeping apartment, does not sound attractive; but with my little stove it was entirely comfortable, and proved a popular resort when we had need of it. As it happened, the children and young girls packed themselves so closely in the beds, that, as a rule, only the guides were finally obliged sometimes to sleep in it; but there would have been no hardship in it for any one. Day and evening it was a favorite lounging-place for all hands.

So, after the rain had ceased, and after we had had two days and nights of good solid zero weather, the girls and I started off in two carioles, with many expressions of surprise at the hardihood of our undertaking, and many doubting wishes for a "*bon voyage*" from the neighbors.

Such an expedition was not at all in accordance with the notions of the French people. Aside from the carefully encouraged view that the holidays of the Church

offer sufficient recreation, and that none that the Church does not take the leading part in are desirable, there might seem something like impropriety in a party of young and old, male and female, going away by themselves on a camping expedition. Such a thing was never known in our parish. The nearest thing to it was perhaps that in the time of making maple sugar, a party might be made up to visit a sugar camp for a day. True, my original party was only my own family, but our visitors promised to be of various families and ages. We cared little for the Canadian ideas, for we had been accustomed to do as we pleased among the people without asking whether they liked it or not. Americans ourselves, we had issued our Declaration of Independence, and lived up to it. I am not aware that we ever did anything to which they could object, but we paid so little regard to their customs, that I suspect that they always felt a little uncertainty as to what we might be going to do next.

The first stage of our journey was a drive of nine miles. The roads were not good, but were frozen hard, and the carioles stood them well. We made the distance without accident and within an hour, scarcely realizing whether it was cold or not. We did manage to strike a "*balize*," which nearly tore the sleeve out of the fur coat of one of the girls, but the arm in it was so small that no harm was done.

As soon as the snow becomes deep the roads must be "balized," or after a heavy snow-fall the poor horses would be unable to find them. The narrow track is marked out with branches or saplings, with turn-outs, also "balized," at convenient distances. As the drifting snow completely fills up the road, there is nothing else to

distinguish it from the soft snow on either side of it. Roads, ditches, and fields are all on the same level.

As long as the horse feels the hard track under his feet he will trot quietly along, even if there is no outward and visible sign of it. If another vehicle is met where no turn-out is marked it is not easy to induce him to leave the path. The experienced animal, when compelled to it, will step off as gently as possible, making no struggle, but waiting peaceably until the other sleigh has passed. Then, perhaps, he will throw himself back on his haunches, raise both fore feet together, and bring them back into the road again.

The shantymen's horses, on roads where there is not much passing, learn to put their feet into the tracks made by their predecessors. Consequently, although the sleigh track may be very good, your horse can take no longer steps and go no faster than the one that first opened the road. Everywhere else he would sink deep into the snow.

At the end of our drive the faithful Nazaire met us, and taking our extra wraps in a skilfully made up pack on his strong and willing shoulders, led the way to our next post. It was up a river, on snow and ice, but the frozen crust was not strong enough to bear our weight, and snowshoes were called into use. We knew the current was very strong and the ice would be thin at best. It would hold under a broad snowshoe, but the unshod foot would be liable to break through. On the swift rivers the merest film of ice serves to support enough snow to conceal its treacherous nature. With the aid of snowshoes progress was easy, when without them it would have been impossible.

The distance we had to go was vaguely described as "*trentaine d'arpents*" (about thirty arpents). If I had been told it was a "good piece," I should have had quite as good an idea, for I have found the Canadian's "*trentaine d'arpents*" a most indefinite measure. The arpent is a measure both of length and superficies, its length being equal to 180 French or 192 English feet. We reckon twenty-eight of them to a mile. Of late years the Government has made all its surveys in English acres, which, surveyors tell me, is far the most convenient measure, as it divides better into fractions; but formerly the arpent was universally used. One of my girls insisted that thirty arpents meant three miles, while another declared they meant four. The distance was really about a mile and a half, and we made it without a break, although the girls were glad of a rest at the end of the road. Our stop was made at a "rollway," or place where the logs are piled ready for the drive in the spring. Several acres of ground were covered with them, the result of the winter's work.

From here we turned into an almost unbroken forest. Logs had been made there for many years, but to the unpractised eye the aspect of the ground was just what it had been from time immemorial. Some stumps may be seen, but the mere passer-by would hardly know that man had ever passed that way. Following up the "*maître chemin*," or main road of the lumbermen, we found it smooth, firm, and in beautiful order, as all these roads should be, for the loads to be drawn are heavy. A good deal of engineering ingenuity is often displayed in locating the lumber roads, for there must be no up grades, and in such a hilly country as this it is not easy to avoid them; and a long détour is frequently necessary in order to avoid even a slight rise. On this "*maître chemin*" we carried

our snowshoes on our backs, where they seemed much lighter than they had done on our feet. The way was up, up, up, all up hill for an hour and a half, up the hills that the logs had come down.

We reached the lumbermen's camp just as the men had finished dinner, and great was their astonishment at seeing these three girls away there in the woods on a holiday excursion, in winter. The Canadians are almost invariably polite and respectful, but if those girls were stared at it is no wonder. Nazaire and I were well known to the foreman of the camp, and we received every possible courtesy. We were cordially invited to dine, but although the girls were glad of rest and shelter, they could not manage the pea soup, which indeed looked as if a strong stomach would be needed to digest it. Nazaire and I, however, made a hearty meal without hesitation.

Our way lay only a little farther on the lumbermen's roads and then we put on the snowshoes again. It was still up hill, and soon my little barometer said we were fourteen hundred feet above our starting point. The afternoon was delightful, a most perfect winter's day; cold, but not too cold, as indeed it seldom is too cold in the woods for walking. The lights and the shadows of the trunks and branches on the white snow were charming, and many were the expressions of delight and surprise that I heard from the girls behind me, as we wound our way, Indian file, in and out among the trees. Nazaire led and I followed, to beat a good track for the others. He was supremely happy at hearing the girls' cheerful voices, and often turned his pleased face round to me with the exclamation, "*Qu'elles sont heureuses!*" (How happy they are!)

After half an hour's walk up hill we began to go down, and faster than we had gone up. The girls got many

tumbles, but they were dressed for them, and a little fall in soft snow hurts nobody. They already had had a long walk, but were not so tired that their lively chatter was checked, or the delights of the way were lessened. Still to the unpractised eye there was no sign that man had ever passed that way, and for part of the distance none but hunters and explorers probably ever had passed. The loggers had not reached that region, and nobody else had any business there. We were opening a new path to our camp, shaping our way by the lay of the land and the direction of the streams. Nazaire knew all about these, and where he goes I follow without hesitation. This time I knew we could not go far wrong, for we had only to cross the divide that separates two systems of watercourses, and the distance was not great. It was to avail ourselves of newly opened roads that we were taking this way to our camp, as well as to avoid the "*dos de cheval*," or "horse-back,"—a narrow ridge, scarcely wide enough for a single footpath, with deep and broken gullies on either side, and in many places steep and hard to climb, as my legs found out when they were a good deal younger than they are now.

Not very far from the top of the divide we came to a "*petit lac rond*" (little round lake), round as if drawn with a compass. Our footpath had always led us across this lake, but reaching it from another direction when

CROSSING THE LAKE

coming by the "*dos de cheval*." It is only a bit of a lake almost on the top of the hill, but what a lake it is for trout! We had no sooner crossed the Round Lake than we began to go down again. We could hear the pretty little stream, the outlet of the lake, rippling and murmuring under its coating of snow, and telling us the way to Lake Clair. In a few minutes more we could see, across the lake, the smoke from our cabin. But here was the hardest part of our journey. There was a strong wind sweeping down the whole length of the lake, and the entire surface was covered with smooth ice, with here and there patches of snow. That wind had to be faced. Cheeks and noses suffered somewhat, but there were no frost bites, and in a short time the doors of our cabin opened to us.

The only other gentleman of all those who had promised to visit us who was able to come at that time, was a somewhat heavy man, who had then no liking for snowshoes. (Later in the season, however, I found that he was taking lessons in using both snowshoes and toboggan with a good deal of enthusiasm, and that one of our fellow-boarders often came late to her supper. But that has nothing to do with this story.) He had come by the long, tedious, and roundabout way by which he could reach the cabin without walking, and brought with him all the good things we had provided for our excursion, so that we were not anxious about our supper. Owing to our long delays at the lumbermen's camp and elsewhere he had arrived before us; but he had nothing to tell about charming walks through woods, dinners at logging camps, or of rushing, invisible streams. He had only sat still in his "*berline*" (pung) and had seen nothing.

The cabin was new, clean, and warm, and the luxurious beds of fir branches smelled deliciously. The delight of the children knew no bounds. "Why, it smells just like

Christmas," said the little one, as the sweet fragrance reminded her of our Christmas tree. "Aren't we glad we came!" and "Is n't this just splendid!" were among the remarks they made, mingled with thanks to me for bringing them, which were more than I deserved, for I had counted on enjoying their enjoyment. The two small ones speedily appropriated a bed for themselves, and the larger one another, and they luxuriated on the springy boughs.

Some trout had been caught for us by the guardian of the camp, and the good Nazaire set about cleaning and cooking them as if long walks and heavy packs were things he had never heard of. The fish were excellent, and it required a goodly number to satisfy our appetites. The trout of Lake Clair are not large, although their delicious flavor is proverbial. Their average weight is about three-quarters of a pound, while the trout of the Round Lake run to one and a half pounds, and those of Lake Croche, another lake near by, to fully two pounds. Some good fishermen say that a three-quarter pound trout of Lake Clair gives as good sport as two-pound trout elsewhere. They are strong and active, colors bright, and flesh firm and red. Cooked by Nazaire they are certainly delicious eating.

All hands were more or less fatigued, and bedtime came early. Screens of blankets made a dressing-room, with all the privacy of a Pullman sleeping car at the least. Later on, when we had more company, including several young ladies, the men retired to the tent while toilets were being made, but this time the blankets had to suffice. When the children announced themselves ready I removed some of the screens, and the men tumbled into their berths very much as they stood. For this night Nazaire was commissioned to look after the heating apparatus, and he did it most effectually. How he and Siméon managed to sleep in the places allotted to them, on the floor near

the stove, I cannot tell. Even we who had the most comfortable places were almost roasted until I got up and opened the door and dampened the fire. And this with a thermometer at twenty degrees below zero! If any one had feared we should suffer from cold he should have been in our cabin that night; in fact we suffered much more from heat than from cold all through our excursion. Poor Nazaire was often called from his bed with "*Oh! Nazaire, il fait chaud, c'est terrible*" (it is terribly hot). Even the smallest girl, who knew scarcely any French at all, soon learned to say, "*Trop chaud, Nazaire, trop chaud*" (too hot, Nazaire, too hot).

At length he began to learn that we were not all such salamanders as himself. This time the little ones slept like tops, and so did I after the cabin got cooled down a little. That Nazaire slept there could be no doubt. When he goes to sleep he usually announces the fact.

Going to bed early involves being up betimes, and before six the next morning Nazaire had the kettle boiling, and coffee was served all round preparatory to breakfast. Toilets made, all hands hurried their breakfasts of bread and bacon in order to go fishing, for they could have no more trout until some were caught. One of the girls, however, who had brought her skates, found the smooth ice too tempting, and soon deserted us. She afterwards caught more trout than any of the others, but this day the youngest of all was champion, as she was the most patient and enthusiastic of fishers. In the afternoon she kept at it until the sun went down, and her trim little figure out on that waste of ice and snow made a striking picture, set in a frame of dark, wooded hills, and seen in the glow of one of our most brilliant sunsets. Some of our winter sunsets in Canada are truly magnificent. An artist friend who visited us grew enthusiastic over them. He had seen

few more beautiful, even in Italy. He went into raptures over the absolute purity of the atmosphere and its wonderful clearness.

Our cabin was located for a view of those sunsets both in summer and winter. Built on the water's edge and facing exactly south as it does, there are two rounded hills nearly in front of it whose tree-tops catch the earliest rays of the morning sun, while the camp itself is in shadow, and the long point on our left throws its shade over half the lake until the sun is quite high. We have streaks of light over the water in summer and over the snow in winter that are very beautiful. The contour of the lake is extremely irregular, so that the light is constantly changing as the sun falls first on one and then on another hill or cliff. We never tire of sitting in front of our cabin and watching it.

When a thunderstorm comes up in summer the sight is superb. Once Nazaire and I got caught in one. We were out in a canoe when we saw it coming, and although we paddled as hard as we could, it burst on us before we were half way across the lake. I never knew it to rain harder. We were drenched through in two minutes. After that we sat still, paddling along easily and enjoying the scene. It did not matter how hard it rained, we could not get any wetter. There was no wind at all, but the whole surface of the lake, as far as we could see, was one great splash, so hard did the big drops come down. It was grand to hear the peals of thunder crashing and echoing from the hills and cliffs.

But we must return to our winter trip. The little girl continued fishing till we were obliged to call her in. It looked cold out there, while indoors the cabin was warm and cozy, the trout were sizzling in the frying pan, and the coffee steaming in the coffee pot.

WINTER SUNRISE

Fishing through ice is no sport to your true fisherman, although it has some interest when the fish are to form a considerable item of your daily food. Trout fishing in summer is another thing. Then there is no sport more delightful, whether you try with all your skill to throw a carefully selected fly under the branches that overhang a shady pool where you feel sure some beauty is lying, not very hungry but liable to be tempted by a dainty morsel; or whether in the early morning you push your canoe out into the placid lake that the sun, just beginning to gild the tree-tops, has not yet touched, to invite some of those lively fellows that you see jumping and sporting just beyond you to come in to your breakfast table; or whether in the afternoon you stand on some jutting rock, reached with difficulty, among fierce rapids, and do battle with some noble fish that will test all your tackle and all your skill. In all these is sport. But in winter there is nothing of them; no sharp rush, no bended rod, no strained line. The fish bite lazily and are pulled up easily. If you have a bit of the sportsman in you, you will only take what you need to eat.

What with fishing, skating, sliding, cooking, and eating, our first day passed quickly. In the evening we played casino, the simple and popular game of cards with the French Canadians. The children played with Nazaire and Siméon, and the mixture of languages was as picturesque to hear as the light of our one candle on their faces was to see. The purely accidental effect was almost Rembrandtesque.

The girls could speak but little French and the men no English; but they made themselves understood, and the games were merry.

Next morning we were surprised to find it blowing a gale. The gorgeous sunset of the night before had given us no warning of the storm, although Nazaire had expressed the opinion that the weather was too fine to last. It snowed more or less all day, but the girls fished all the same; and, boisterous as it was, they caught seventy-one fine trout, so we had no fear of a famine.

John's leave of absence expired the next day and he was obliged to leave us. We escorted him part way back and then left him to Nazaire, to be shown the way to a place where a carter with his cariole had been directed to meet him. Nazaire undertook to lead him by a short cut down a very steep place, and he got some rare tumbles, being a heavy man and not used to snowshoes. Nazaire said he was sometimes compelled to stand still and roar at John's flounderings. He left with Nazaire a challenge to some ladies to come down by the same route. Two of them accepted it, and probably have not forgotten their experience. This day we set up our tent for the extra accommodation, as well as for the cooking, which sometimes made the cabin too hot for us. We tramped the snow down hard with our snowshoes, pitched the tent, set up our little stove, spread branches a foot thick, and made everybody comfortable.

The first visitor to arrive was the surveyor. He was capital company, full of interesting anecdotes and experiences. He had worked in Canadian woods all his life, he said, but this was his first surveying party "with picnic attachment." He seemed to enjoy the variety. It was amusing to hear him tell a story, addressing himself first to Nazaire

in French and then continuing to the rest of us in English, without stopping to interpret.

He had passed through many dangers and hardships, but the most serious of all was a time when with his whole party he was in danger of starvation.

On their return from a long trip they found that the *cache* where their provisions were hidden had been found by a *carcajon* (wolverine), and that everything was destroyed. They struggled along on short rations for a few days, but some of the men grew weak, and progress was slow. It was evident that something must be risked or all would perish. My friend and one of the Indians took nearly all the remaining provisions, amounting to three biscuits each, and started for the nearest house, one hundred miles away. They reached it just at evening of the third day. The surveyor kicked off his snowshoes at the door, threw himself on a bed, and slept sixteen hours. When he waked, the Indian had already started back, with all the provisions he could carry. He found the men just able to drag themselves to a stream for water, and that was all; but the supply of food revived them, and they reached the settlement in safety.

After the storm already mentioned the weather grew very cold, ranging mostly from ten to twenty degrees below zero, and for several days the thermometer did not rise above zero at any time. Our lowest record was thirty-eight below. The surveyor, Nazaire, and I did what we had to do, and the girls amused themselves in the cabin. They were perfectly happy and contented, but grew tired of fishing. There was much jollity when we came back to the cabin at night. Siméon was left in charge during the day to bring wood and water, cut holes in the ice, work about the camp, and see that no accident befell the children.

The surveyor left us, and other visitors came thick and fast in his place: first, two young ladies, sisters, and their two brothers; then our artistic friend and his equally artistic wife, and other relatives and friends of our guests and ourselves, until the whole extent of our accommodations was required. There was no dulness in our camp. So many young people, all relatives or intimately acquainted, and all cheerful and agreeable, could not fail to find amusement. There were visits to neighboring lumber camps, snowshoe races, and other entertainments, notably once a three-legged race in deep snow.

If one wants a jolly good laugh let him get some of his friends to try a three-legged race in two and a half feet of snow. But I would not advise him to try one himself, unless he is young and strong. General hilarity prevailed in the short intervals between eating and sleeping times. As for cooking times, I think there were no intervals. The ladies took that department out of Nazaire's hands and kept it in constant, if irregular, operation. A little stirring of soup followed by the practising of a dance, songs sung between washing the spoons and cleaning the knives, and other little fancies such as light-hearted girls might indulge in, took up their time, and they were happy. We older people read, wrote, talked, or looked on as we felt inclined. There was no *ennui*. It never came near Lake Clair to my knowledge, although Nazaire and I have spent many days there quite alone.

Of music there was no lack. Our man Siméon proved to be a capital singer as well as a violinist. His was not the ordinary voice of the Canadian woodsman, a mere head-tone used at a very high pitch, but a real baritone, and used in a manner that one of our visitors, who ought to know, said would not disgrace a city concert-room. How he came by such a style I cannot tell. He never

could have heard a really first-class singer in his life. It was one of those things that, like reading and writing, "come by nature."

He gave us such fine songs as "*Le drapeau de Carillion*," "*Le Zouave en Algerie*," and many others not less worthy.

Singularly enough, he was not well acquainted with the words of the common popular songs mentioned elsewhere, such as "*A la claire fontaine*," and the like, that almost every one knows, so we got none of them from him. We had a variety of these, however, one evening a little later, sung in true lumberman fashion, high and loud, without the least expression, by an accidental visitor to whom we gave shelter.

Some of the ladies also were singers, and their contributions ranged all the way from the most absurd college songs to "*Lascia ch' io pianga*" and Reinecke's "Waldegruss," very prettily sung.

Our guests having almost all departed, my little girls went home one day by the long route, leaving two young ladies to go with me by the short cut that John had challenged them to follow. Nazaire took our extra wraps and went on ahead. As we crossed the lake and looked back at our deserted cabin I am not sure but one of the girls shed a few quiet tears, thinking of the pleasant week she had passed, and that she was not likely ever to see the place again. At any rate both of them walked on some time in silence, and I heard none of the accustomed cheerful laughter and girlish chaff, usually so plentiful between those two. Many parties have visited our camp since then, but I think none have enjoyed so much pure and unalloyed pleasure as this first party of all.

But Nazaire was far ahead, and we were obliged to follow. When we came to the place where the path

diverges there was a discussion as to whether we should accept our friend John's challenge to go down by the way he went, or take the longer and less interesting road around the side of the hill. Of course the discussion resulted in acceptance, for the girls declared that if John could go down so could they. Nazaire was waiting for us and assured us that there was no positive danger, although the way was "*bien, bien à pic*" (very, very steep).

He had already been down with his pack and come back by the road. We rested a little and then followed him. It was "bien, bien à pic," sure enough. I myself was the first to come to grief. Trying to get over some fallen timber I made a misstep and pitched headlong. Head and arms went deep into the soft snow, and heels high into the air, with the snowshoes dangling. My cap and whatever I had in my hands went away down the hill. In such a position one flounders about a good deal before he can get his feet under him; but one of the girls managed to climb down and lend a hand towards helping me up.

We all reached the foot of the hill in safety, and after discussing and rejecting a proposition to go back and try the descent again, we went on. Nazaire assured us we had tumbled much less than John, which was a satisfaction; but John will not believe it to this day. Anyway, if he got a worse tumble than I, it was a lively fall.

From there to the bank of the river was an excellent road, and nearly all down hill. We passed the lumbermen's camp without stopping; but we were quite willing to stop and rest again by the logs, as we had done going up. The place was quite exposed and rather cold, so we walked on down the river; but there was a strong wind and the

walking was not as good as before. If it seemed three miles going up, it seemed six going down.

Our cariole arrived a few minutes after us, and an hour's ride found us all at home again.

So ended our first winter camping expedition, and all voted that it had been one of thorough pleasure. All declared they would go again if they ever had the opportunity.

Winter camping is preferable to summer in that there are no troublesome flies or mosquitoes, and that it is easy going through the woods on snowshoes. The summer gives many delights that winter does not; but each season has its charm.

Every one of my party professes his or her willingness to go to Lake Clair again at any time.

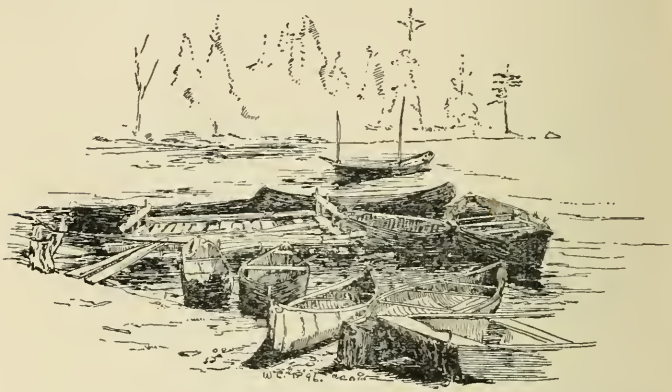
We were reading some glowing accounts of the winter paradise of Southern California. One of the little girls said, "Lake Clair is our winter paradise;" and so we call it.

It is our grand sanitarium. Whatever little maladies we have are usually left there. Influenza, neuralgia, rheumatism, or malarial complaints seldom find their way back from Lake Clair.

Since the time of this first family visit to Lake Clair our cabin has been much enlarged, and every year we have a number of guests. We have not the luxurious

accommodations of the modern fishing club; but we have enough to furnish all essential comforts for visitors, as well as for my own limited requirements in winter.

Of course we do considerable fishing in summer and equally of course we have all sorts of luck. Sometimes after much canoeing, walking, wading, and hard work generally, we get but little for our pains, and at other times when our hopes and expectations are low we strike a good bit of sport. One thing I will say for ourselves,—we never waste any fish. When we get as many as we can



use, we stop fishing. And although we never get any fish big enough to tell lies about in the newspapers, we seldom fail to catch enough for our next meal.

Among our summer visitors at the lake we have a good many ladies. Of course they all think they can take fish as well as anybody, and we always give them a chance to try. But it is as difficult for a woman to throw a fly as it is for her to throw a stone. I at times try to give them a few lessons in the art, taking good care, however, to pull my hat well down over my eyes and ears, to avoid accidents. Ladies need a good deal of practice before they can handle

a fly rod with even moderate certainty or safety. I keep a couple of rods especially for ladies' use. They are not allowed to disport themselves with my own particular pet tackle. Perhaps it is a little mean of me, but I think that a good stout rod and worn-out flies are just as good to frighten trout with as any others.

They rarely accomplish much, for what with untangling their lines, getting their hooks out of their own and their neighbors' hair and dresses and their own fingers, there is not much time left for other departments of the sport. So far as the real taking of trout is concerned, I doubt if it is any advantage to have ladies in the party. I have known a very inexperienced fisherman to take his rod and net, go away alone and bring back a very handsome string of fish; when a far more practised hand, who took a lady with him, came back with scarcely any fish at all. It was a lovely afternoon for fishing, too: soft and cloudy, with a light breeze blowing, that made all the trees wave their branches as if in benediction. Still, there was fully as much excitement in our camp that evening as if those two persons had brought in all the trout they could carry.

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